LUCKY DINOSAURS P. 16 • EMILY DICKINSON'S FAMILY FEUD P. 20

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BETTMANN / CORBIS

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[1]Excerpted from *Smithsonian Ocean* by Deborah Cramer

FROM THE EDITOR

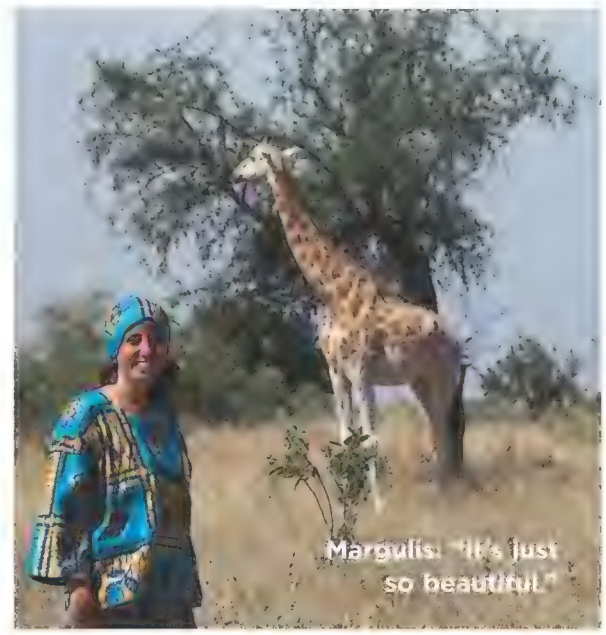
Standing Tall

Niger's giraffes and our 16th president

BY CAREY WINFREY

JENNIFER MARGULIS has been interested in Niger's free-roaming giraffes for some 15 years, ever since she lived in that parched country working for a nonprofit development agency in 1992 and 1993. "It's hard to put into words how incredible it is to see these animals in nature," she says. "They are so tenaciously holding onto life—it's incredible there's even one left. But they are so well adapted to such a harsh climate." They share that trait, she adds, with Niger's citizens, with whom the animals must compete for scarce resources. "The history of the giraffe is very much tied in with the political situation in Niger. It's a country that's surprising because it's so hot and so poor, and yet life is flourishing there."

Reporting our cover story ("Looking Up," p. 36), Margulis, who lives in southern Oregon and also writes about parenting, spent several days with French scientists observing the giraffes. "They are so affectionate," she says. When they're not nibbling on acacia trees, "they're weaving their necks in and out and rubbing up against each other—just constantly physical and touching each other. It's almost like they're doing some kind of intricate ballet. To see the affection they have for each other—it's just so beautiful."



JAMES DI PROPERZIO

HAROLD HOLZER has written or co-written some 30 books on Abraham Lincoln and is co-chairman of the U.S. Abraham Lincoln Bicentennial Commission, which will celebrate our 16th president's 200th birthday February 12, 2009. Holzer's piece in this issue ("Election Day 1860," p. 46) is adapted from his latest book, *Lincoln: President-Elect*. "I didn't know that there was such uncertainty" about the contest, acknowledges Holzer, who works for the Metropolitan Museum of Art and lives in Rye, New York. "People think that Lincoln's election was a foregone conclusion. Not the way he was behaving that day. He was nervous. He was very, very nervous about what was happening. I think he was worried about New York, and he was worried about Pennsylvania, and if they had gone a different way, it might have been a different result. So you never know until the votes are counted, even if you've got the odds on your side."

Does Holzer have a favorite moment from that day?

"It's when Lincoln—even though he knows he's won—still wants to know how his hometown voted. And when he gets the news that he carried it, he makes a noise like a rooster crowing. He gets criticized for it, but he's so excited, because he really cares about winning the town of Springfield, which was very, very close."

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LETTERS READERS RESPOND TO THE **SEPTEMBER** ISSUE

The Lincoln-Douglas debates ["Face the Nation"] show how trivialized American political discourse has become. Televised debates are little more than joint news conferences where questioners seem more interested in scandalmongering than in substantive issues. Let each candidate speak for 45 minutes on one topic—half the time allotted in 1860.

MALCOLM G. BALFOUR, ACME, PENNSYLVANIA

PHOTO FINDS

MANY THANKS to Nakki Goranin for her quest to save and document old photobooth pictures, a form of Americana that brought so many people a bit of fun for pocket change ["Four for a Quarter"]. In looking through mementos of my father following his death, I discovered photobooth shots of him as a child—all his Depression-era parents could afford—that he never shared with his wife or children, including a picture of his mother against a fanciful backdrop. The shots of my parents in the days of Brylcreem and bright red lipstick reveal a level of intimacy that I never saw in person.

PATRICK RYAN
ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

SEA CHANGES

I WONDER if the editors are aware of a great irony in the September issue. The cover story "Victory at Sea" is about saving our oceans. The feature article "Macau Hits the Jackpot" is about destroying the environment out of greed; it includes such statements as "We had to create the land by moving three million cubic meters of sand from the Pearl River" and "The sea used to be here." If my thinking is right, these are not efforts to protect the ocean but, instead, to destroy it for the sake of casino corporations and the repressive Chinese government. Clearly, indulging the greed of a few will not help save the oceans.

ROBERT PORCHER
LORAIN, OHIO

BEETLEMANIA

REBECCA SICREE'S complaint about her family's close encounter with Asian lady beetles [Last Page: "The Bugs Who Flew Too Much"] is a perfect example of humankind's disconnection with the natural world. I live in rural Oklahoma and every year we wait for the beetle hordes to arrive. It is a wondrous thing to see (seemingly) gazillions of them fractal-like on the walls of my studio and in our gallery. Lady beetle time is as close as we come to experiencing the migratory imperative that drives some species to collectively hit the road. Sucking them up in a Shop-Vac and shaking them out in the yard isn't a bad idea. But setting them afire is utterly mystifying. Shame on SMITHSONIAN for publishing this decidedly unfunny account of uninformed parents acting on the kill-first impulse and sharing the experience with their impressionable children.

JAN MOHR MENG
EUCHA, OKLAHOMA

WASHINGTON'S ROOTS

YOUR STORY about the recent discovery of the remains of our first president's third residence, in Virginia ["Washington's Boyhood Home"], fails to mention the near loss of the site. Wal-Mart had planned to build a store on the land, but strong opposition by local residents in 1996 caused Stafford County to deny the company's application. The county then sold 36 acres to the association now known as the George Washington Foundation, forcing the store to be built a few miles away and enabling archaeologists to get down to work.

JAMES VALADE
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

CORRECTION

THE GENEALOGY ESSAY "Clan-Do Spirit" was fascinating, but let's hope the author's Hebrew is better than his German. Jewish converts to Christianity who took the name "Friedenheim" were not referring to their freedom but to their peaceful house or home. *Der Friede* means peace or harmony, and *das Heim* means home. The German for freedom is *die Freiheit*.

ROGER A. HORN
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

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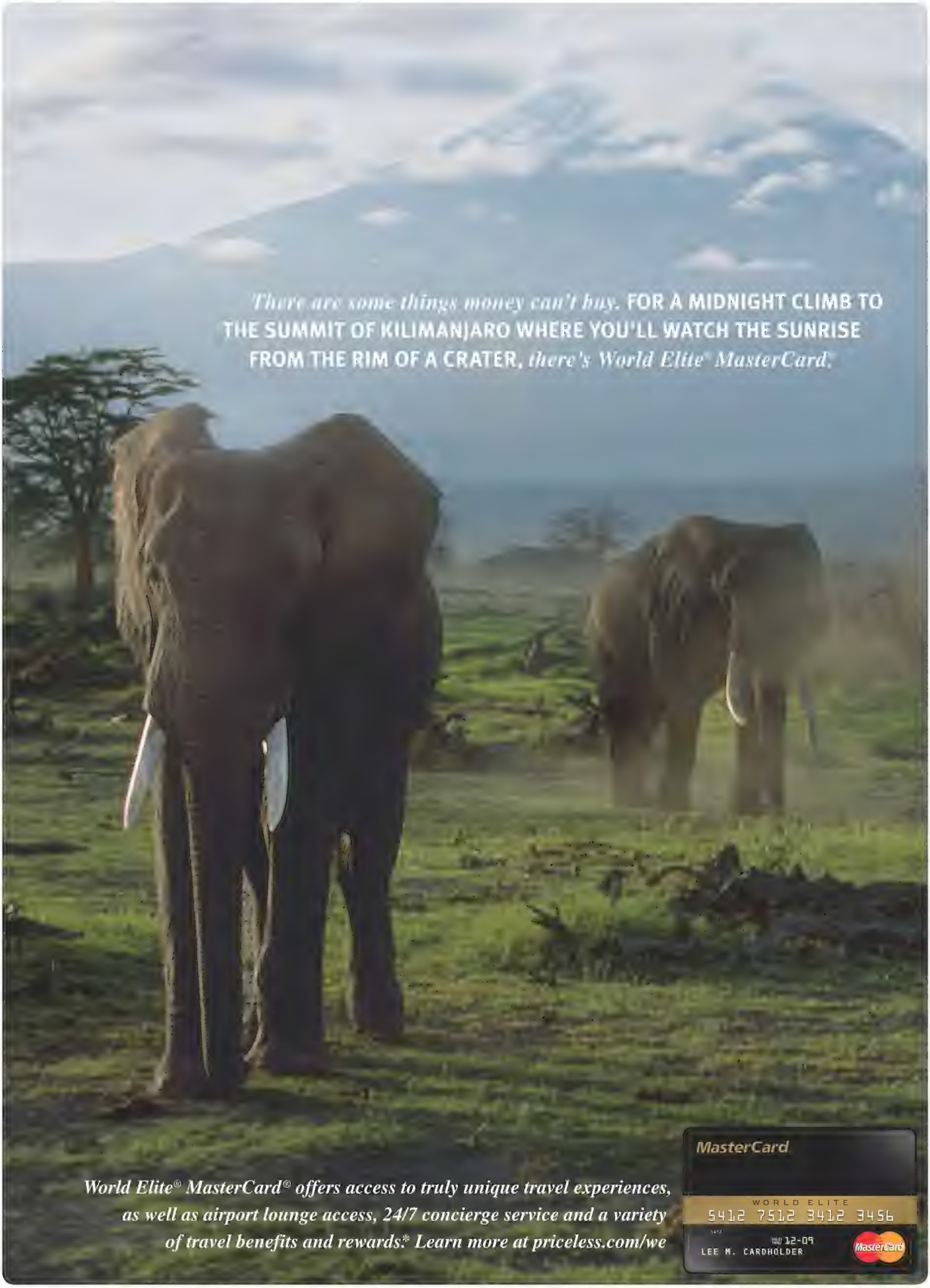
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Curious Perspective

Robert Frank's book *The Americans* changed photography. Fifty years on, it still unsettles

BY RICHARD B. WOODWARD

ROBERT FRANK

IT'S A SAFE BET that Robert Frank had never seen a denim-clad black couple on a Harley-Davidson before he came to the United States. Such a sight, like many others the 32-year-old Swiss émigré photographed in the mid-1950s for his quietly earthshaking book *The Americans*, would have been a novelty to a European, and indeed to many Americans at the time.

No doubt what caught Frank's eye was the chance to frame in a single composition three elements—blue jeans, people of color and a Harley—that still symbolize this country for much of the fascinated world.

Motorcycles and racial divisions are among the motifs that help to unify *The Americans*, along with jukeboxes, crosses, televisions, luncheonettes, cowboy hats, fedoras, cigars, highways, the old and the young, lonely offices, huge automobiles, run-down parks, blowhard politicians and American flags.

Frank observed all of these things during years of cross-country wanderings, funded partly by the Guggenheim Foundation. He had stated on his 1955 grant application that the project would be driven by "what one naturalized American finds to see in the United States that signifies the kind of civilization born here and spreading elsewhere."

Frank, who celebrates his 84th birthday this year and who long ago moved on to making films, videos and images that combine photographs with text, arrived on these shores in 1947 in search of artistic freedom. Trained as a photographer in Switzerland, he once said he knew after World War II that his future lay elsewhere: Switzerland "was too closed, too small for me."

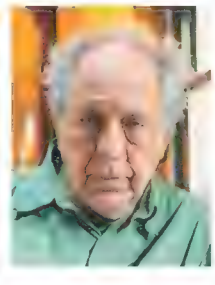
Europeans who venture to America often focus their cameras on the gulf between our ideals and a grimmer re-

Frank sought to compile "a spontaneous record of a man seeing this country for the first time." *Indianapolis, 1956* is typically short on particulars but laden with symbols.

Frank (below, in 2000) shows "irony towards a nation that has it not," Walker Evans wrote. Above, Frank's *Santa Fe, New Mexico*.

ality, between rich and poor, black and white. Although such differences were all too visible in '50s America, Frank did not take cheap shots at his adopted land. He never acted the shocked foreigner or wide-eyed innocent.

Instead, his complicated feelings about the country were expressed so obliquely that the book remains as open to interpretation today as when it first appeared 50 years ago. Published in Paris in 1958 and New York the following year, it was denounced by many critics at the time as a sneak attack on Americans' general view of themselves as happy and harmonious. But as the book's downbeat style has been absorbed and widely imitated over the years, Frank's detractors have retreated.



Indianapolis, 1956 exemplifies the photographer's craftiness. The place and date are of little help in unraveling the picture's meaning. The photograph presents an unsmiling pair of motorcyclists at night in a Middle American city. They are staring intently at something between them and the photographer. A crowd of spectators gazes more randomly around the scene.

A more conventional photographer might have waited for the couple to look up at the camera. (Magazine editors like direct engagements between subject and reader.) Frank doesn't give us that satisfaction. He lets the bikers and the crowd float on parallel planes in a murky light. There is neither confrontation nor resolution. What the couple is staring at we are not permitted to know.

This photograph is nonetheless loaded with provocative symbolism. In the 1950s, motorcycling meant defiance of authority. In *The Wild One* (1953), among the first in a string of violent biker movies, a girl in a bar asks the leader of a fearful motorcycle gang, played by a leather-clad Marlon Brando, "What are you rebelling against?"

"Whaddya got?" he replies.

In the '50s, a photograph of black people on a Harley-Davidson even had political implications; it hinted at the failed promises that the civil rights movement would try to redress. It captures the nation's contradictions: the couple has yet to experience the freedom the motorcycle represents. You want rebellion? Here are some people with good reasons to defy authority.

John Szarkowski, the late director of the Museum of Modern Art's photography collection, wrote in 1989 that "the more distressing new quality in Frank's pictures was their equivocating indirection, their reluctance to state clearly and simply either their subject or their moral."

The ambiguity of *Indianapolis, 1956* is underscored by its place as the next-to-last photograph in the book. As the penultimate image, we feel it must be important—a summarizing statement that gathers together the themes from the previous pages. But like so many of Frank's images, it is just another sharp-edged piece to a vast puzzle we may never quite put together.

RICHARD B. WOODWARD, *a New York arts critic, often writes about photography.*

ROBERT FRANK; THOMAS HOEPKER / MAGNUM PHOTOS

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WILD THINGS

LIFE AS WE KNOW IT

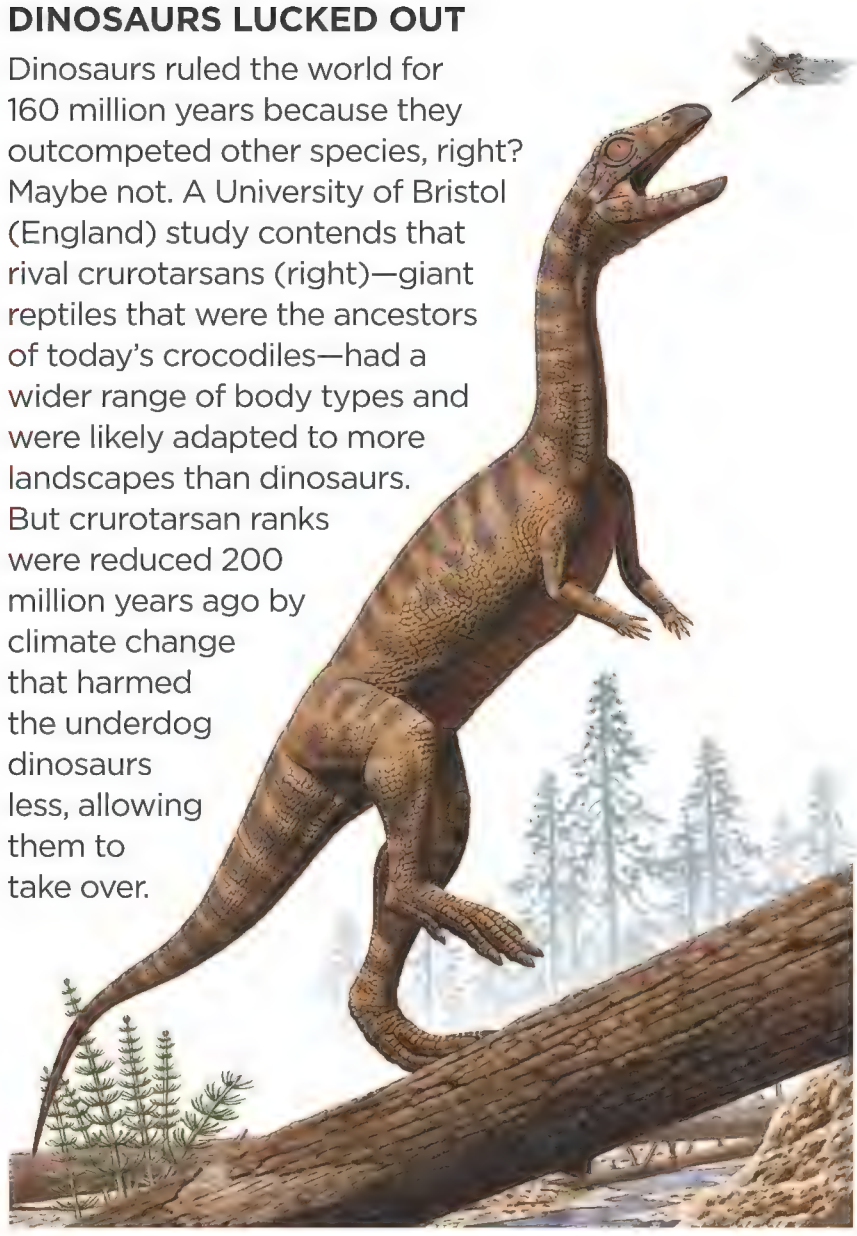
BY T.A. FRAIL, MEGAN GAMBINO, JESSE RHODES, ABIGAIL TUCKER AND SARAH ZIELINSKI

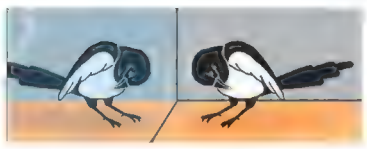
MYSTERY DEATHS SOLVED

Multitudes of bats die around the world each year when they migrate through electricity-generating wind farms. University of Calgary researchers now say the main cause of death is "barotrauma": the turbines' large revolving blades create low-pressure zones that cause bat lungs suddenly to over-expand, tear and bleed.

DINOSAURS LUCKED OUT

Dinosaurs ruled the world for 160 million years because they outcompeted other species, right? Maybe not. A University of Bristol (England) study contends that rival crurotarsans (right)—giant reptiles that were the ancestors of today's crocodiles—had a wider range of body types and were likely adapted to more landscapes than dinosaurs. But crurotarsan ranks were reduced 200 million years ago by climate change that harmed the underdog dinosaurs less, allowing them to take over.





NOT SUCH A BIRDBRAIN AFTER ALL

Add a bird to the short list of animals that recognize themselves in a mirror. Only a few nonhumans have passed that intelligence test, including chimps, elephants and dolphins. Researchers in Germany say European magpies also have self-awareness: two birds were marked with a colored dot, which they ignored until placed in front of a mirror; then they tried to remove it.

MAYAN DELICACY

In the same Guatemalan forests where Mayans grew cacao for chocolate more than 500 years ago, they also grew the orchids that produce vanilla (above: seedpods). Now genetic research led by the University of California at Riverside suggests it was the Mayans who hybridized two species to make Tahitian vanilla, a variety prized by modern gourmets.

Observed

NAME: The fallow deer (*Dama dama*), a European species, which mates in early fall

BUCKS: Fight among themselves and issue repeated calls, known technically as groans, during the rut.

DOES: Pick a mate by listening to the males' groans.

SCIENTISTS: Have determined what females listen for. Researchers at the University of Zurich found that the acoustical properties of a buck's groan are related less to his size than his social rank—and that does mate with a dominant buck more often. It's the first time auditory discernment of social dominance has been found in animals other than primates.

Watch a fallow buck groan at Smithsonian.com/WildThings

RAUL MARTIN / NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC IMAGE COLLECTION; MICHAEL DURHAM / MINDEN PICTURES; HELMUT PRIOR; DANI/JESKE / ANIMALS ANIMALS; JOHN CANCALOSI / NATUREPL.COM

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With the Tribeca, all the fun is in getting there. An available third row ensures plenty of seating, while the Symmetrical All-Wheel Drive gives you a firm grip on the road. And since it's a 2008 IIHS Top Safety Pick,* you get peace of mind as well. Family and the open road go together better than you thought. **Love. It's what makes a Subaru, a Subaru.**

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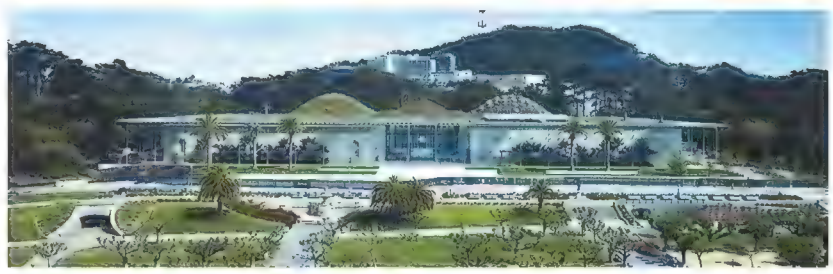
*Top Safety Picks include the 2009 Subaru Tribeca. †MSRP excludes destination and delivery charges, tax, title and registration fees. Dealer sets actual price. 2009 Subaru Tribeca Limited pictured above has an MSRP of $32,595.

The rebuilt museum (below) boasts an innovative green roof (above), home to poppies, yellow tidytips and other native plants.

Greening a Higher Ground

SAN FRANCISCO The biggest green roof in the state, atop the new California Academy of Sciences in Golden Gate Park, is an undulating two-and-a-half-acre landscape of steep hills, wide meadows and nearly two million plants. Three stories above ground, it has the city's largest concentration of native vegetation. Planted with hardy, drought-tolerant flowering varieties such as beach strawberry and stonecrop, the roof attracts birds, bees and other pollinators like the Bay checkerspot, a threatened butterfly.

The museum, completely rebuilt on its original site over the past three years, reopened in September with a rain forest, planetarium, the world's deepest coral reef tank and rare African penguins. But one of the main attractions is likely to be the roof, among the most ambitious of its kind at a time when ecology-minded designers are increasingly turning urban rooftops into green spaces. Engineered with seven layers, including 2.6 million pounds of soil and plants that create a blanket of insulation, the roof, and other features, will reduce the energy required to heat and cool the museum by an estimated 35 percent. A plastic drainage layer retains enough rainwater for the vegetation, reducing by a few million gallons annually the amount of polluted runoff that ends up in the ecosystem. The seven hills (two with 60-degree slopes are the steepest ever built for a green roof) are fitted with skylights to filter natural light to the reef and rain forest below while venting warm air.



A visitor can't walk in the garden. But a rooftop observation deck lets you get close enough to hear crickets and see bees flit from flower to flower. BY ALETA GEORGE

CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES; TIM GRIFFITH

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POINTS OF INTEREST

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS

Much Ado About Dickinson

FOR DECADES after Emily Dickinson's death in 1886 at age 55, her family battled over her literary legacy. "My Verse Is Alive," an exhibition at the Emily Dickinson Museum through 2009, brings the feud to life.

Dickinson (below), who never married, left behind nearly 1,800 unpublished poems. The family entrusted them to her brother Austin's wife, Susan, but she was slow to edit them. It was Austin's mistress, a young neighbor named Mabel Loomis Todd, who first arranged to publish some of the poems, in 1890. The ensuing family dispute, fueled by the scandalous affair, created bitterness for generations. By the 1960s, Todd's heirs had transferred about half of the works to Amherst College and Dickinson's had given the rest to Harvard. Even "ordinary town residents seemed to take sides" in the flap, says museum director Jane Wald. "Strong loyalties persisted into the 1990s."

Founded in 2003, the museum includes the 1813 Federal-style residence where the poet lived (above) and Austin's house next-door. At Emily's, pore over photographs, scrapbooks and replicas of manuscripts and letters. Here, too, is the typewriter Todd used to transcribe and edit the poems. It's haunting to visit where the poet worked—a corner bedroom as spare as her verse, reflecting perhaps the "solitude of space. . . . that polar privacy" she wrote about in an 1855 poem.

BY KEENAN MAYO

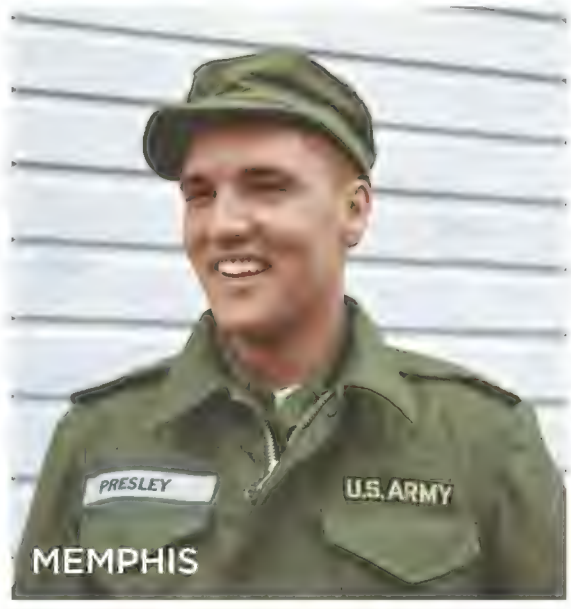
KP for the King

"TREAT PRESLEY like everybody else," one captain ordered when Elvis was drafted into the Army in 1958. So Presley, 23, scrubbed latrines and pulled kitchen patrol like other GI's.

"Private Presley," an exhibition at Graceland, Elvis' mansion, marks the 50th anniversary of the King's humbling two-year stint in the Army. Check out the singer's fatigues, footlocker, ration cards and other Army mementos. Photographs and films show him getting a buzz cut, hanging out in the barracks and driving a tank. The exhibition closes March 2010.

"People were expecting me to mess up, to goof up," Presley said upon his honorable discharge in 1960. "They thought I couldn't take it, and I was determined to go to any limits to prove otherwise."

BY DAVID ZAX



MEMPHIS

FLOYD, VIRGINIA

Traffic Jam

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT in this tiny town in the Blue Ridge Mountains, folks from all around gather to play and hear gospel, bluegrass and other homegrown music at the country store and on the street. It's a must-stop on the Crooked Road, the state's 250-mile musical heritage trail.

BY KENNETH R. FLETCHER

Watch a video of musicians in Floyd at Smithsonian.com/floyd

EMILY DICKINSON MUSEUM; GRANGER COLLECTION, NEW YORK; ELVIS PRESLEY ENTERPRISES, INC.; DOUG THOMPSON

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Chesapeake Home Office: Georgetown Executive/Peninsula Desk & York Chairs
photographed in the Milestones of Flight gallery, National Air & Space Museum, Smithsonian Institution

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MY KIND OF TOWN

WEYBRIDGE, VERMONT

We don't have a town center, Alvarez says, but we're "rich in characters and talents."

No Frills Here

Other towns may get more attention, says the novelist, but this is a place where things get done **BY JULIA ALVAREZ**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COREY HENDRICKSON

YOU'VE HEARD OF TOWNS LIKE OURS. The kind of place about which city folks say, "Don't blink or you'll miss it!"

You might as well go ahead and blink, because you are going to miss it. There's no real town center in Weybridge, Vermont, unlike our postcard-pretty neighbor Middlebury. No quaint town green surrounded by shops full of trinkets to clutter up your house and a sweet little gazebo to make you dewy-eyed for the olden days.

Drive down Weybridge's main thoroughfare, Quaker Village Road, and you pass the elementary school on your right; then, a little farther down, the fire department/highway department/recycling center, all in the same structure. Why not? It's an efficient use of location and equipment. We're a no-frills kind of town. Keep going, and if you get to the bridge over Lower Falls, you've gone by the town clerk's office, a two-room white house. Out front, there's a raggedy-edged American flag that we're not going to replace because winter will do the same job on the next one. We have a historic town hall and a Lilliputian library, both used only for the sixth-grade graduations. We haven't torn down these buildings because we respect our history. But we're not fools about it. To make the town hall fit for offices, we'd have to put in a septic system and a furnace and do a whole bunch of costly repairs. We're not the kind of place that goes about wasting money just for appearance's sake.

We're made of sturdier stuff. We've had to be. Even be-

fore we got going as a town, we were almost erased—twice. When the settlement first got chartered in 1761, mapmaking and land granting were not all that accurate. The original charter granted 25,000 acres to 64 fellows, but most of that overlapped with neighboring towns with earlier stakes. After a 1774 survey, it looked as if Weybridge might be pushed off the map entirely. But our stalwart ancestors persisted and with a couple of subsequent annexations, some 10,000 acres were left, enough to make a decent-size town with plenty left over for newcomers.

Four years after that near miss, our first settlers were attacked by British soldiers from Canada, with the help of some Indians and Tories. They burned down all the houses and took the menfolk and their older sons prisoners. The women and children hid out in a root cellar, eating nothing but potatoes for ten days (I *said* we were sturdy), until 10-year-old Rob Sanford walked barefoot for help, meeting up with soldiers from the nearest fort, 25 miles away. (Ever since then we've had a soft spot for our junior citizens.) Four years later, when the imprisoned men were finally released, they returned to their hometown and built it back up again.

So, even though we don't have a town center, we hang together—a strong, vibrant community that knows who it is. Other towns get the attention, but we do the work. Middlebury's main bridge and quite a few of the college buildings were built from our quarries, big blocks we used to cut in the summer and fall, then transport by ox-drawn sledges in the winter. We've spilled blood for our neighbor town, yes sir. Our steam-driven quarry machine blew up one time and killed the operator. After that, we closed the quarry, since no one wished to work there anymore. Now, instead of stones, we supply milk to the college, from our Monument Farms Dairy. We're nourishing youngsters from around the country and the world. Building bones and infrastructure—stuff you don't see, but try moving a muscle without it—that's what we're good at.

Without a town center, you might wonder what holds us together. We've wondered that ourselves. It used to be the weekly get-togethers at the Congregational Church up on the hill, but folks aren't as churchgoing as they once were, and we're fine with that. We've seen religions come and go—Methodists, Wesleyan Methodists, Baptists, Catholics. Quakers were among our earliest settlers. They're how the main road got its name, how we got our pacifist streak. It's fair to say that while we won't walk away from defending a principle (we sent more than 50 men to the Civil War, 8 of whom never came back), in the main we'd rather beat our swords into plowshares. We are, after all, a farm community.

How green is the valley? Even the county attorney keeps bees and sells honey.

In the 1830s, we had a whopping population of 850, to which we're just now returning (824 in the last census). We had a town center back then, a thriving hub with a couple churches; several stores; a post office; any number of mills; a harness, boot and shoe shop; and even a hotel. Before staying here, though, many a drinking man had the stagecoach stop right outside of this dry town so he could stow his half-finished bottle among the rocky ledges. Where our young farm boys would always find them.

Sheep-raising—Merino sheep, to be exact—was the town's main agricultural livelihood, but as the West opened up, so many farmers moved to larger grazing grounds that we almost bit the dust again, like a lot of other Vermont sheep-farming towns in the late 1800s. But somehow we made the transition over to dairy. Now Holsteins moo where Merinos once baaed.

We're a feisty, independent bunch, but we understand what it means to live in a small community. Pretty near the whole town dips its communal cup in that deep, invisible spring that, for lack of a better word, we'll call service. Most of the town business runs on volunteers. There's the recycling center, open every Saturday morning, and the fire department. On "green-up" day in the spring, half the town hits the roads and byways to pick up trash and litter that's been hidden under all the snow.

As for our elementary school, the principal, Christina Johnston, will tell you it couldn't operate without volunteers. Parents run the ground maintenance, the bake sales, the book fair, the bottle redemption, the talent show. They help out with the breakfast and hot lunch program. They even clean the hallway goldfish tank. At the annual appreciation lunch, the list of volunteers is as long as the list of students. All the money the school saves means that the 80 percent of the town's taxes that go to education go to educating. As I said, we haven't forgotten that a 10-year-old saved our town.

We keep an eye out for one another as well. Sometimes it brims over into snooping, but we're working on that. Ida Washington, our dynamic octogenarian town historian, claims her neighbors "know what I've had for breakfast before I've even eaten it!" We know the skeletons in each other's closets, but Ida will also tell you, "Never have I known folks to use it in a mean way." Mostly we just want to check that everyone's all right. Our selectmen, Peter James and A. J. Piper, make the rounds in winter, just to be sure our old folks are OK. When there's an illness, Glenna Piper goes down her

phone tree and rouses up a week's worth of donated meals. We've seen each other through the best and worst of times, our weddings and our divorces, our babies' births and our parents' deaths. Nobody stays on a high horse for long around here, but nobody gets stepped on either.

What holds us all together is unspoken, sturdy and as deep as the limestone and marble once quarried from our hills. A love and respect for the land—that's our abiding bond. After a childhood in the Dominican Republic and a dozen addresses in half a dozen states, I got offered a job teaching at Middlebury College. I came and fell in love—both with my husband and the land we settled on. When I'm asked where I'm from, I'm as likely as not to say, "Weybridge." And in fact, the 19 years I've lived here is longer than I've lived anywhere else. Although that doesn't make me a James or a Sanford or a Wright (whose bloodlines go back to the late 1700s), the town welcomes anyone with the good sense to settle here, wherever they came from.

"We've got all kinds now," Alvarez says of Weybridge (pop. 824), including college professors and "farmers working on that land, keeping it beautiful for everyone."

We've got all kinds now, college professors who moved here for our great elementary school and beautiful rolling hills, as well as farmers working on that land, keeping it beautiful for everyone. We disagree with one another, but we're not disagreeable about it. In fact, starting with those Quakers, we've got tolerance in our civic genes. We've needed it, as we've been a quirky, interesting bunch since 1806, when Miss Charity Bryant—aunt of the poet William Cullen Bryant—and Miss Sylvia Drake moved up here from eastern Massachusetts. They were crack seamstresses and made our menfolk's clothes. Bryant wrote that these two ladies "in their youthful days . . . took each other as companions for life. . . . They slept on the same pillow and had a common purse." Miss Charity particularly liked her nap after dinner, so she had a neighbor build her an adult-size cradle, over six feet long, so she could be rocked to sleep by her companion after a heavy meal. Folks knocked on her door to have her write the verses for a dear departed's tombstone. Like her nephew, she could versify.

The town's still rich in characters and talents, folks who use what they've got to enrich the rest of us. Stanley James just stepped down from being town moderator for 33 years. Before that, his father did the job for 26. Between the two of them, that's 59 years of volunteer moderating, longer than some of us have been around. Art Gibb was another one who stuck around because there was work to do. A New York banker, Art moved to Weybridge in 1951 for health reasons. I guess it worked. He lived to be 97 years old, and a rich life of service it was. Besides farming and serving in the state legislature for more than two decades, Art crafted Act 250, a groundbreaking environmental law that stopped the spread of sprawl and set up criteria for sustainable development. This was the late '60s, mind you, when green was still slang for money or the color of envy. One of the reasons you can still see Vermont is Art's foresight: he worked on the legislation that forbids billboards on our roads and highways.

What's nice about these public-spirited folk is they also have a refreshing sense of fun. Elder statesman Art Gibb used to campaign on a bicycle, walking the talk or rather riding it, door to door to get your vote. Our local state's attorney for some 25 years keeps bees. His honey label reads: "Collected from trespassing bees by John T. Quinn, Addison County State's Attorney. Bees required to pay their fines in only the finest Vermont raw honey! 100% GUILT FREE." Meanwhile, our town clerk, Karen Brisson, is a former world champion arm wrestler. She started out as a local girl doing chores on her daddy's dairy farm, until he noticed she sure had a strong arm and signed her up for a state contest when she was 15. She won and went on to win the world title four times. Not a bad thing to have a town clerk with a scarecrow skill that keeps us all in line.

Along with the pacifist streak and the volunteer spirit, we've got an artistic temperament that makes us, finally, real interesting to one another. It's our people, warts and all, that we treasure most. One of our communal warts is our button-bursting pride in our small, seemingly unremarkable town. But we're trying to work it off the only way we know how, by volunteering some more. Come spring cleanup, I'm heading for those rocky ledges. No telling what I'll find.

JULIA ALVAREZ*'s nonfiction book* Once Upon a Quinceañera: Coming of Age in the USA *is in paperback. Photographer* **COREY HENDRICKSON** *lives in Vermont.*

People with COPD breathe better with SPIRIVA.

If you have a history of smoking and breathing problems, it could be COPD (chronic obstructive pulmonary disease). COPD includes chronic bronchitis, emphysema or both.

Ask your doctor about SPIRIVA, because it:

- Is the only once-daily, inhaled maintenance prescription treatment for both forms of COPD
- Significantly improves lung function by keeping airways open
- Helps you breathe better for a full 24 hours
- Is not a steroid

You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA. Visit www.fda.gov/medwatch or call 1-800-FDA-1088.

SPIRIVA does not replace fast-acting inhalers for sudden symptoms. Do not swallow the SPIRIVA capsule. The most common side effect of SPIRIVA is dry mouth. Others include constipation and problems passing urine. Tell your doctor about your medicines, including eye drops, and illnesses like glaucoma, urinary and prostate problems. These may worsen with SPIRIVA. If you have vision changes, eye pain, your breathing suddenly worsens, you get hives, or your throat or tongue swells, stop taking SPIRIVA and contact your doctor. For more information: **1.877.SPIRIVA or SPIRIVA.COM**

Please see brief summary of full Prescribing Information on reverse.

Make a habit of breathing better

SPIRIVA® HandiHaler®
(tiotropium bromide inhalation powder)

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Spiriva® HandiHaler® (tiotropium bromide inhalation powder)

Brief Summary of Prescribing Information

FOR ORAL INHALATION ONLY

DO NOT SWALLOW SPIRIVA CAPSULES

INDICATIONS AND USAGE
SPIRIVA HandiHaler (tiotropium bromide inhalation powder) is indicated for the long-term, once-daily, maintenance treatment of bronchospasm associated with chronic obstructive pulmonary disease (COPD), including chronic bronchitis and emphysema.

CONTRAINDICATIONS
SPIRIVA HandiHaler (tiotropium bromide inhalation powder) is contraindicated in patients with a history of hypersensitivity to atropine or its derivatives, including ipratropium, or to any component of this product.

WARNINGS
SPIRIVA HandiHaler (tiotropium bromide inhalation powder) is intended as a once-daily maintenance treatment for COPD and is not indicated for the initial treatment of acute episodes of bronchospasm, i.e., rescue therapy.

Immediate hypersensitivity reactions, including angioedema, may occur after administration of SPIRIVA. If such a reaction occurs, therapy with SPIRIVA should be stopped at once and alternative treatments should be considered.

Inhaled medicines, including SPIRIVA, may cause paradoxical bronchospasm. If this occurs, treatment with SPIRIVA should be stopped and other treatments considered.

PRECAUTIONS
General

As an anticholinergic drug, SPIRIVA (tiotropium bromide inhalation powder) may potentially worsen symptoms and signs associated with narrow-angle glaucoma, prostatic hyperplasia or bladder-neck obstruction and should be used with caution in patients with any of these conditions.

As a predominantly renally excreted drug, patients with moderate to severe renal impairment (creatinine clearance of ≤50 mL/min) treated with SPIRIVA should be monitored closely (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY, Pharmacokinetics, Special Populations,** *Renally-impaired Patients*).

Information for Patients

It is important for patients to understand how to correctly administer SPIRIVA capsules using the HandiHaler inhalation device (see **Patient's Instructions for Use**). SPIRIVA capsules should only be administered via the HandiHaler device and the HandiHaler device should not be used for administering other medications. **The contents of SPIRIVA capsules are for oral inhalation only and must not be swallowed.**

Capsules should always be stored in sealed blisters. Remove only one capsule immediately before use, or its effectiveness may be reduced. Additional capsules that are exposed to air (i.e., not intended for immediate use) should be discarded.

Eye pain or discomfort, blurred vision, visual halos or colored images in association with red eyes from conjunctival congestion and corneal edema may be signs of acute narrow-angle glaucoma. Should any of these signs and symptoms develop, consult a physician immediately. Miotic eye drops alone are not considered to be effective treatment.

Care must be taken not to allow the powder to enter into the eyes as this may cause blurring of vision and pupil dilation.

SPIRIVA HandiHaler is a once-daily maintenance bronchodilator and should not be used for immediate relief of breathing problems, i.e., as a rescue medication.

Drug Interactions

SPIRIVA has been used concomitantly with other drugs commonly used in COPD without increases in adverse drug reactions. These include short-acting and long-acting sympathomimetic (beta-agonists) bronchodilators, methylxanthines, and oral and inhaled steroids. However, the co-administration of SPIRIVA with other anticholinergic-containing drugs (e.g., ipratropium) has not been studied and is therefore not recommended.

Drug/Laboratory Test Interactions

None known.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility

No evidence of tumorigenicity was observed in a 104-week inhalation study in rats at tiotropium doses up to 0.059 mg/kg/day, in an 83-week inhalation study in female mice at doses up to 0.145 mg/kg/day, and in a 101-week inhalation study in male mice at doses up to 0.002 mg/kg/day. These doses correspond to 25, 35, and 0.5 times the Recommended Human Daily Dose (RHDD) on a mg/m^2 basis, respectively. These dose multiples may be over-estimated due to difficulties in measuring deposited doses in animal inhalation studies.

Tiotropium bromide demonstrated no evidence of mutagenicity or clastogenicity in the following assays: the bacterial gene mutation assay, the V79 Chinese hamster cell mutagenesis assay, the chromosomal aberration assays in human lymphocytes *in vitro* and mouse micronucleus formation *in vivo*, and the unscheduled DNA synthesis in primary rat hepatocytes *in vitro* assay.

In rats, decreases in the number of corpora lutea and the percentage of implants were noted at inhalation tiotropium doses of 0.078 mg/kg/day or greater (approximately 35 times the RHDD on a mg/m^2 basis). No such effects were observed at 0.009 mg/kg/day (approximately 4 times than the RHDD on a mg/m^2 basis). The fertility index, however, was not affected at inhalation doses up to 1.689 mg/kg/day (approximately 760 times the RHDD on a mg/m^2 basis). These dose multiples may be over-estimated due to difficulties in measuring deposited doses in animal inhalation studies.

Pregnancy

Pregnancy Category C.

No evidence of structural alterations was observed in rats and rabbits at inhalation tiotropium doses of up to 1.471 and 0.007 mg/kg/day, respectively. These doses correspond to approximately 660 and 6 times the recommended human daily dose (RHDD) on a mg/m^2 basis. However, in rats, fetal resorption, litter loss, decreases in the number of live pups at birth and the mean pup weights, and a delay in pup sexual maturation were observed at inhalation tiotropium doses of ≥0.078 mg/kg (approximately 35 times the RHDD on a mg/m^2 basis). In rabbits, an increase in post-implantation loss was observed at an inhalation dose of 0.4 mg/kg/day (approximately 360 times the RHDD on a mg/m^2 basis). Such effects were not observed at inhalation doses of 0.009 and up to 0.088 mg/kg/day in rats and rabbits, respectively. These doses correspond to approximately 4 and 80 times the RHDD on a mg/m^2 basis, respectively. These dose multiples may be over-estimated due to difficulties in measuring deposited doses in animal inhalation studies.

There are no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. SPIRIVA should be used during pregnancy only if the potential benefit justifies the potential risk to the fetus.

Use in Labor and Delivery

The safety and effectiveness of SPIRIVA has not been studied during labor and delivery.

Nursing Mothers

Clinical data from nursing women exposed to tiotropium are not available. Based on lactating rodent studies, tiotropium is excreted into breast milk. It is not known whether tiotropium is excreted in human milk, but because many drugs are excreted in human milk and given these findings in rats, caution should be exercised if SPIRIVA is administered to a nursing woman.

Pediatric Use

SPIRIVA HandiHaler is approved for use in the maintenance treatment of bronchospasm associated with chronic obstructive pulmonary disease, including chronic bronchitis and emphysema. This disease does not normally occur in children. The safety and effectiveness of SPIRIVA in pediatric patients have not been established.

Geriatric Use

Of the total number of patients who received SPIRIVA in the 1-year clinical trials, 426 were <65 years, 375 were 65–74 years and 105 were ≥75 years of age. Within each age subgroup, there were no differences between the proportion of patients with adverse events in the SPIRIVA (tiotropium bromide inhalation powder) and the comparator groups for most events. Dry mouth increased with age in the SPIRIVA group (differences from placebo were 9.0%, 17.1%, and 16.2% in the aforementioned age subgroups). A higher frequency of constipation and urinary tract infections with increasing age was observed in the SPIRIVA group in the placebo-controlled studies. The differences from placebo for constipation were 0%, 1.8%, and 7.8% for each of the age groups. The differences from placebo for urinary tract infections were –0.6%, 4.6% and 4.5%. No overall differences in effectiveness were observed among these groups. Based on available data, no adjustment of SPIRIVA dosage in geriatric patients is warranted.

ADVERSE REACTIONS
Of the 2,663 patients in the four 1-year and two 6-month controlled clinical trials, 1,308 were treated with SPIRIVA at the recommended dose of 18 mcg once a day. Patients with narrow angle glaucoma, or symptomatic prostatic hypertrophy or bladder outlet obstruction were excluded from these trials.

The most commonly reported adverse drug reaction was dry mouth. Dry mouth was usually mild and often resolved during continued treatment. Other reactions reported in individual patients and consistent with possible anticholinergic effects included constipation, increased heart rate, blurred vision, glaucoma, urinary difficulty, and urinary retention.

Four multicenter, 1-year, controlled studies evaluated SPIRIVA in patients with COPD. Table 1 shows all adverse events that occurred with a frequency of ≥3% in the SPIRIVA group in the 1-year placebo-controlled trials where the rates in the SPIRIVA group exceeded placebo by ≥1%. The frequency of corresponding events in the ipratropium-controlled trials is included for comparison.

Table 1 Adverse Experience Incidence (% Patients) in One-Year-COPD Clinical Trials

Body System (Event)	Placebo-Controlled Trials SPIRIVA [n = 550]	Placebo [n = 371]	Ipratropium-Controlled Trials SPIRIVA [n = 356]	Ipratropium [n = 179]
Body as a Whole				
Accidents	13	11	5	8
Chest Pain (non-specific)	7	5	5	2
Edema, Dependent	5	4	3	5
Gastrointestinal System Disorders				
Abdominal Pain	5	3	6	6
Constipation	4	2	1	1
Dry Mouth	16	3	12	6
Dyspepsia	6	5	1	1
Vomiting	4	2	1	2
Musculoskeletal System				
Myalgia	4	3	4	3
Resistance Mechanism Disorders				
Infection	4	3	1	3
Moniliasis	4	2	3	2
Respiratory System (upper)				
Epistaxis	4	2	1	1
Pharyngitis	9	7	7	3
Rhinitis	6	5	3	2
Sinusitis	11	9	3	2
Upper Respiratory Tract Infection	41	37	43	35
Skin and Appendage Disorders				
Rash	4	2	2	2
Urinary System				
Urinary Tract Infection	7	5	4	2

Arthritis, coughing, and influenza-like symptoms occurred at a rate of ≥3% in the SPIRIVA treatment group, but were <1% in excess of the placebo group.

Other events that occurred in the SPIRIVA group at a frequency of 1–3% in the placebo-controlled trials where the rates exceeded that in the placebo group include: *Body as a Whole:* allergic reaction, leg pain; *Central and Peripheral Nervous System:* dysphonia, paresthesia; *Gastrointestinal System Disorders:* gastrointestinal disorder not otherwise specified (NOS), gastroesophageal reflux, stomatitis (including ulcerative stomatitis); *Metabolic and Nutritional Disorders:* hypercholesterolemia, hyperglycemia; *Musculoskeletal System Disorders:* skeletal pain; *Cardiac Events:* angina pectoris (including aggravated angina pectoris); *Psychiatric Disorder:* depression; *Infections:* herpes zoster; *Respiratory System Disorder (Upper):* laryngitis; *Vision Disorder:* cataract. In addition, among the adverse events observed in the clinical trials with an incidence of <1% were atrial fibrillation, supraventricular tachycardia, angioedema, and urinary retention.

In the 1-year trials, the incidence of dry mouth, constipation, and urinary tract infection increased with age (see **PRECAUTIONS, Geriatric Use**).

Two multicenter, 6-month, controlled studies evaluated SPIRIVA in patients with COPD. The adverse events and the incidence rates were similar to those seen in the 1-year controlled trials. The following adverse reactions have been identified during worldwide post-approval use of SPIRIVA: application site irritation (glossitis, mouth ulceration, and pharyngolaryngeal pain), dizziness, dysphagia, epistaxis, hoarseness, intestinal obstruction including ileus paralytic, intraocular pressure increased, oral candidiasis, palpitations, pruritus, tachycardia, throat irritation, and urticaria.

DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION
SPIRIVA capsules must not be swallowed as the intended effects on the lungs will not be obtained. The contents of the capsules are for oral inhalation only (see OVERDOSAGE section).

The recommended dosage of SPIRIVA HandiHaler (tiotropium bromide inhalation powder) is the inhalation of the contents of one SPIRIVA capsule, once-daily, with the HandiHaler inhalation device (see **Patient's Instructions for Use**).

No dosage adjustment is required for geriatric, hepatically-impaired, or renally-impaired patients. However, patients with moderate to severe renal impairment given SPIRIVA should be monitored closely (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY, Pharmacokinetics, Special Populations** and **PRECAUTIONS**).

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The following packages are available:

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Around the Mall

SCENES AND SIGHTINGS FROM THE SMITHSONIAN MUSEUMS AND BEYOND

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HUGH TALMAN, SI

RETURN OF HISTORY

AFTER A TWO-YEAR, $85 MILLION RENOVATION, THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AMERICAN HISTORY GETS BACK TO BUSINESS TELLING THE NATION'S STORIES

PAGE 29

Clockwise from top left: Museum curators Michelle Delaney, Judy Chelnick, Larry Bird and David K. Allison hold their favorite artifacts.

FROM THE CASTLE

History Ahead

G. WAYNE CLOUGH

ON NOVEMBER 21, the Star-Spangled Banner, which, of course, inspired our national anthem, goes on display in a monumental, inspiring new gallery, the heart of a two-year, $85 million renovation of the National Museum of American History (NMAH). (See also the following pages and pp. 68-76.) The focus has been on major enhancements—a grand staircase and a dramatic five-story, sky-lit atrium—and infrastructure improvements. Work on the museum will continue; east and west wing renewal will take about seven years, creating new physical spaces and better ways to convey American history and culture to millions of visitors.

The current renovation is not only appealing, it's green. NMAH replaced aging heating and cooling systems with ultra-efficient versions. These and new bulbs and ballasts in nearly 3,800 lighting fixtures will result in $1.6 million in annual cost-savings, significant reductions in carbon dioxide emissions and the use of 8,000 fewer pounds of ozone-depleting refrigerants. New dining services—with locally grown offerings; and tableware, carpet and chairs made from recycled materials—will also move the Smithsonian closer to our goal of sustainable, more environmentally friendly facilities.

The Greensboro Woolworth's Lunch Counter, desegregated by a 1960 sit-in, anchors a wing of the renovated museum.

Historical artifacts from NMAH's collection of more than three million items invite visitors—citizens, recent immigrants and international guests—to explore our past. America's diverse society is described by historian Ronald Takaki as one in which "the cultures of the world meet . . . affirming the struggle for equality as a central theme in our country's history." On view at the museum is Lincoln's top hat, evoking his assassination but also the struggle to unify the country and liberate many of its people. Also on display is the desk on which Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. That document set a very high bar, and the challenge to make real Jefferson's soaring words continues. Hundreds of small artifacts line expansive walls in the new NMAH, while larger landmark items—including the 1831 *John Bull*, one of America's oldest steam locomotives; the Vassar Telescope, used by America's first female astronomer; and the Greensboro (North Carolina) Woolworth's Lunch Counter, an icon of the civil rights movement—anchor six exhibition wings.

As NMAH Director Brent Glass notes, "For people of all ages, a visit to the National Museum of American History, exploring history through superb exhibitions and engaging programs, can be a defining event. Millions will enjoy new opportunities to explore the American narrative and identity and connect with core stories of our national experience in an enlightening and memorable setting."

G. WAYNE CLOUGH *is Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.*

Smithsonian Institution

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G. Wayne Clough

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HUGH TALMAN, SI

PIECES OF OUR PAST

HISTORY SLEUTHS PROBE MEANING OF TELLTALE AMERICAN OBJECTS

WHEN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM of American History reopens this month after a two-year renovation, visitors will get to see a display of 500 newly acquired and previously unseen objects from the three million-item collection. A new central atrium skylight helps illuminate the heart of the building and the exhibit. "We're shedding new light on American history," says museum Director Brent Glass. Here, six curators talk about the artifacts they're most excited to have on view.

A laptop from "Sex and the City" and an 18th-century teapot offer insights into women's changing societal roles, say curators Dwight Bowers and Bonnie Lilienfeld.

LARRY BIRD

DIVISION OF POLITICS AND REFORM

CAMPAIGN BUTTONS FROM THE 2008 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

"THE KINDS OF THINGS we collect are truly ephemeral; they have no practical shelf life beyond a political campaign. But, for us, they're prized as symbols of activism and engagement. They're also the closest things we have to a national collection representing the comprehensive history of U.S. campaigns, dating back to George Washington.

"If I were a political candidate, I'd rather have people wearing my button or having my bumper sticker on their car than watching my TV commercials. As low-tech as this stuff is, there is a social and personal presumption that once you're wearing a candidate's button, he or she has got your vote."

DWIGHT BLOCKER BOWERS

DIVISION OF MUSIC, SPORTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

CARRIE BRADSHAW'S LAPTOP FROM "SEX AND THE CITY"

"THE LAPTOP REALLY IS an iconic prop, symbolizing Carrie as a chronicler of contemporary society. There's probably nothing else on that show that stands out as much in the memories of viewers, short of the Manolo Blahnik shoes.

"I also feel the laptop conveys the idea that Carrie was a character quite different from the women portrayed in earlier sitcoms. She represents the latest stage in the progression from Lucy Ricardo and Mary Tyler Moore—and, more broadly, the evolution of the role of women in America."

MICHELLE DELANEY

DIVISION OF INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY AND COMMUNICATIONS, PHOTOGRAPHY

THE 540TH PERSONAL CAMERA MANUFACTURED BY KODAK IN 1888

"THE ORIGINAL 1888 KODAK camera arrived loaded with film for 100 photographs, and once the buyers took the pictures they sent the entire camera back to Kodak. For $10, buyers could get new film and their camera back. The Kodak slogan was 'You press the button, we do the rest.' About 13,000 of these cameras were sold within the first year.

"Kodak repackaged photography for the masses. And what does every visitor to the museum have in his or her pocket? A camera. So what we're showing is the evolution of that camera more than a century before the age of digital photography."

DAVID K. ALLISON

DIVISION OF INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY AND COMMUNICATIONS

A 1975 MITS ALTAIR 8800 "KIT" COMPUTER

"WHEN THE MITS ALTAIR personal computer was introduced in 1975, the company expected to get a small number of orders. Instead, it got thousands. This is a real hobbyist's computer; users

A CHOIR OF TURKEYS In 1973, Jim Nollman was a recent college graduate with avant-garde musical aspirations. The San Francisco resident had learned that wild male turkeys can gobble on cue—especially in response to loud or high-pitched sounds. So Nollman visited a turkey farm in Sonoma County, sat down among 300 adult male turkeys and serenaded them with the folk song "Froggy Went a-Courtin'." When he raised his voice during the chorus, the turkeys joined in. His recording of the event, "Music to Eat Thanksgiving Dinner By," became a local radio hit. Go to Smithsonian.com/jukebox to hear this unique ode to an American holiday. ANIKA GUPTA

HUGH TALMAN, SI (2); AGE FOTOSTOCK

Plan your visit to the Smithsonian at goSmithsonian.com

Q&A

In the 1950s, **WANDA JACKSON** was one of the first women to record rock 'n' roll. Now 70, she is the subject of a Smithsonian Channel documentary airing this month. She spoke with Kenneth R. Fletcher.

HOW DID YOU GET YOUR START SINGING ROCK 'N' ROLL? When I was in high school in Oklahoma City, I won a contest and got a little radio show of my own. One day after the show Hank Thompson [a singer-songwriter who sold more than 60 million records] called and asked if I would like to sing with his band Saturday night. I signed with Capitol Records when I was 18. After I had a few hits under my belt, I was ready to start touring. My dad acted as manager, chauffeur and chaperon. Mother made my clothes. The first person that I worked with happened to be Elvis Presley.

BEFORE HE WAS FAMOUS? Yes, but he was getting more popular every week. I saw the girls screaming and hollering. Our music, which was then called rockabilly, was actually the first rock 'n' roll. Bill Haley was first, to give credit where credit is due, but when Elvis came along he made it phenomenal. Not every musician was successful with those songs; I was because I romped and roared and stomped through them. And I was the only girl doing it.

IN THE DOCUMENTARY, BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN AND ELVIS COSTELLO AND OTHER MUSICIANS PAY TRIBUTE TO YOU. Not too shabby, right? The film not only showcases my life but provides the whole scope of the 1950s rockabilly, rock 'n' roll era. My complaint is the title, *The Sweet Lady With the Nasty Voice*. I'm not sure that's right, because I'm not sure I'm a sweet lady at all.

Visit Smithsonian.com/jackson to read more of our Wanda Jackson interview

MAKING HISTORY

SILENT WITNESS The pop artist Roy Lichtenstein created the 31-foot-tall aluminum sculpture *Modern Head* in 1989. Its owner, the James Goodman Gallery in New York, lent it to New York City's Battery Park in January of 1996. On September 11, 2001, the *Head* sustained no serious damage, although it was just one block from the World Trade Center. Federal agents sifting through the ruins left messages for each other taped to the *Head*'s base. After 9/11, the sculpture moved to the Fairchild Tropical Botanic Garden in Coral Gables, Florida, where Samuel Rose, a commissioner for the Smithsonian American Art Museum (SAAM), encountered it. He arranged for the six-and-a-half-ton piece to be installed at SAAM's southwest corner, near the F Street entrance, where it will greet visitors for the next six months (right). Our interest is in the *Head* as art," said SAAM curator George Gurney. "But its connection to September 11 does make it unique in our collection."

ANIKA GUPTA

made lots of modifications and add-ons. This one even has a homemade keyboard.

"I love it because it speaks to the spirit of innovation. The era of personal computers is fairly recent, and it's interesting to see where it all got started."

BONNIE LILIENFELD
DIVISION OF HOME AND COMMUNITY LIFE

AN 18TH-CENTURY TEAPOT PRINTED WITH THE POLITICAL SLOGAN "NO STAMP ACT."

"BRITISH POTTERS made this sometime between 1766 and 1770 to commemorate the repeal of the Stamp Act, the first direct tax on the American colonies. It was sold to Americans, demonstrating that trade, not love, conquers all.

"The teapot reveals how household objects were linked with the political message that was sweeping the American colonies. It also allows us to consider the role of women in society, since it's something women would have used. There are only two or three known to exist in the United States."

JUDY CHELNICK
DIVISION OF MEDICINE AND SCIENCE

A SAW FROM A SURGICAL SET THAT BELONGED TO JOHN MAYNARD WOODWORTH, WHO BECAME THE FIRST SURGEON GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1871

"THIS SAW BELONGS to a set that has everything required for the amputation of an arm or a leg in the 19th century: six trays of surgical instruments in a rosewood case, knives, saws and bone forceps. I don't know how Woodworth would have transported this, because it's not something that he could have strapped on the back of a horse.

"Doctors in the 19th century had their own surgical sets. That changed in the 20th century when surgeons began performing procedures at hospitals. This set is one of the finest American surgical sets of the late 1800s, and it's remarkable that all 80 of the original tools are still intact."

ANIKA GUPTA

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Ayellet Beck says "Shalom" with every graceful sweep of her violin bow. She is one of Israel's extraordinarily talented young musicians. She was born in Jerusalem, studied music at the Jerusalem Academy of Music and Dance, then flew to Paris to fulfill her other dream – film study. She returned home, where she felt she belonged, to study film in the Sam Spiegel Film School in Jerusalem. She led the violin section in the young Philharmonic, has been a soloist at major concerts, and has collaborated with many famous Israeli musicians. She hopes to see you soon – at one of her concerts in Israel. Shalom!

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Ayellet is playing to Beit She'an, spectacular home of 17 civilizations since 4000 BCE

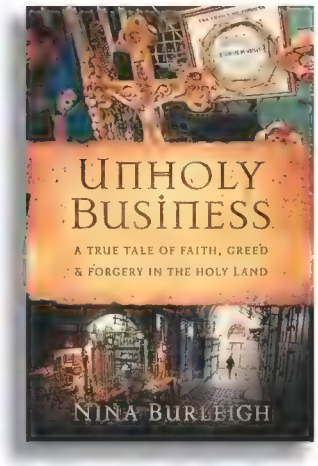
What's Up

CLOSE TO THE HEART

Photographic jewelry, including pocket watches adorned with babies' photos (right: *Girl Child*) and brooches bearing lovers' likenesses, was all the rage in the mid-1800s. See these keepsakes at the National Portrait Gallery, October 24.

COLORFUL STATEMENT

Fritz Scholder's paintings examine his mixed Indian heritage (below: *American Indian*). His works, on view for the first time since his death in 2005, are at the National Museum of the American Indian's D.C. and New York City locations, November 1.



SINFUL DEALINGS

Set in Jerusalem's back alleys and millionaire mansions, Nina Burleigh's *Unholy Business*, from Smithsonian Books, relates the intriguing story of the Holy Land's most infamous relic, the James Ossuary, as it goes from acclaimed biblical artifact to disgraced modern forgery.

VISION AND VERSE

Elihu Vedder illustrated his 1884 translation of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* with graceful drawings (below), now on display in a traveling exhibit beginning November 14 at the Phoenix Art Museum.

GARDEN VIEW

Until now, only maharajahs had seen the garden paintings that festooned the Indian royal palaces at Jodhpur (above: *Ganesha, Saraswati, and Jallandharnath*, 1825). Starting October 11, the Sackler Gallery showcases 61 of them.

BY ANIKA GUPTA

VISIT THE SMITHSONIAN For a free Associates' planning packet, call 202 633-1000 or 202 357-1729 (TTY), 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday and 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday. Or send an e-mail to info@si.edu. The Smithsonian Information Center in the Castle is open daily, 8:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Members can visit the reception desk between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m. to register for a behind-the-scenes tour and to hear about membership benefits. Most museums are open daily, 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. All museums are closed December 25.

For an insider's look at the Smithsonian, visit Smithsonian.com/mallblog

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THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

NOVEMBER ANNIVERSARIES
MOMENTOUS OR MERELY MEMORABLE

BY ALISON McLEAN

70 YEARS AGO
"THIS IS A REAL HORSERACE"

In a matchup a year in the making, Seabiscuit, the West Coast's hard-luck horse turned top-earning Thoroughbred, takes on War Admiral, the East's Triple Crown winner, November 1, 1938, at Maryland's Pimlico racetrack. The rivals run neck and neck until the "Biscuit" (below left) pulls ahead in the final stretch to win the race—and a place in racing history—by four lengths.

175 YEARS AGO
FIRE IN THE SKY

Wakeful Americans watch as more than 1,000 meteors a minute light up the sky before dawn November 13, 1833. While some fear divine retribution or overactive volcanoes, astronomers observe that the flashes emanate from the constellation Leo. Looking for earlier such episodes, they calculate that the Leonid meteor showers, as the phenomenon becomes known, peaks every 33 years. Now understood to be debris from the tail of the comet Tempel-Tuttle, the Leonids should peak next in 2031-33.

90 YEARS AGO
IT'S OVER OVER THERE

Facing advancing Allied forces on the Western front and a revolution at home, Germany signs an armistice November 11, 1918, ending the Great War (left: U.S. troops celebrate in France). But the terms agreed upon in Allied commander Marshal Foch's rail carriage in Rethondes, France—including Germany's surrender of armaments and its withdrawal from France, Belgium, Alsace-Lorraine, East Africa and eastern Europe—inspire resentment in Germany that will make the "war to end all wars" a precursor to World War II.

225 YEARS AGO
LOFTY PURSUITS

French scientist Jean-François Pilâtre de Rozier and François Laurent, Marquis d'Arlandes, take off from Paris in the first manned free flight in a balloon on November 21, 1783. Their 20-minute trip in a straw-burning hot-air balloon designed by the Montgolfier brothers takes them some five miles across the Seine. The first gas balloon ascension comes ten days later, and the age of human air travel is launched. Pilâtre de Rozier is killed in a balloon accident in 1785; Laurent dies in 1809.

70 YEARS AGO AN AMERICAN TUNE

Contralto Kate Smith premières "God Bless America," Irving Berlin's anthem to his adopted home, on her radio show November 10, 1938. Berlin had written it 20 years before for a musical and then abandoned it. But with war on the European horizon in 1938, he reworked it as a "peace song." Smith makes it a hit, singing it throughout her career, on broadcasts and recordings and, in the 1970s, as a good luck charm for the Philadelphia Flyers. It is the last song she performs before her death in 1986 at age 79.

BILDERATLAS DER STERNENWELT BY E. WEIß (1888) / WIKIPEDIA; AP IMAGES; JERRY COOKE / SPORTS ILLUSTRATED / GETTY IMAGES; LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; BETTMANN / CORBIS

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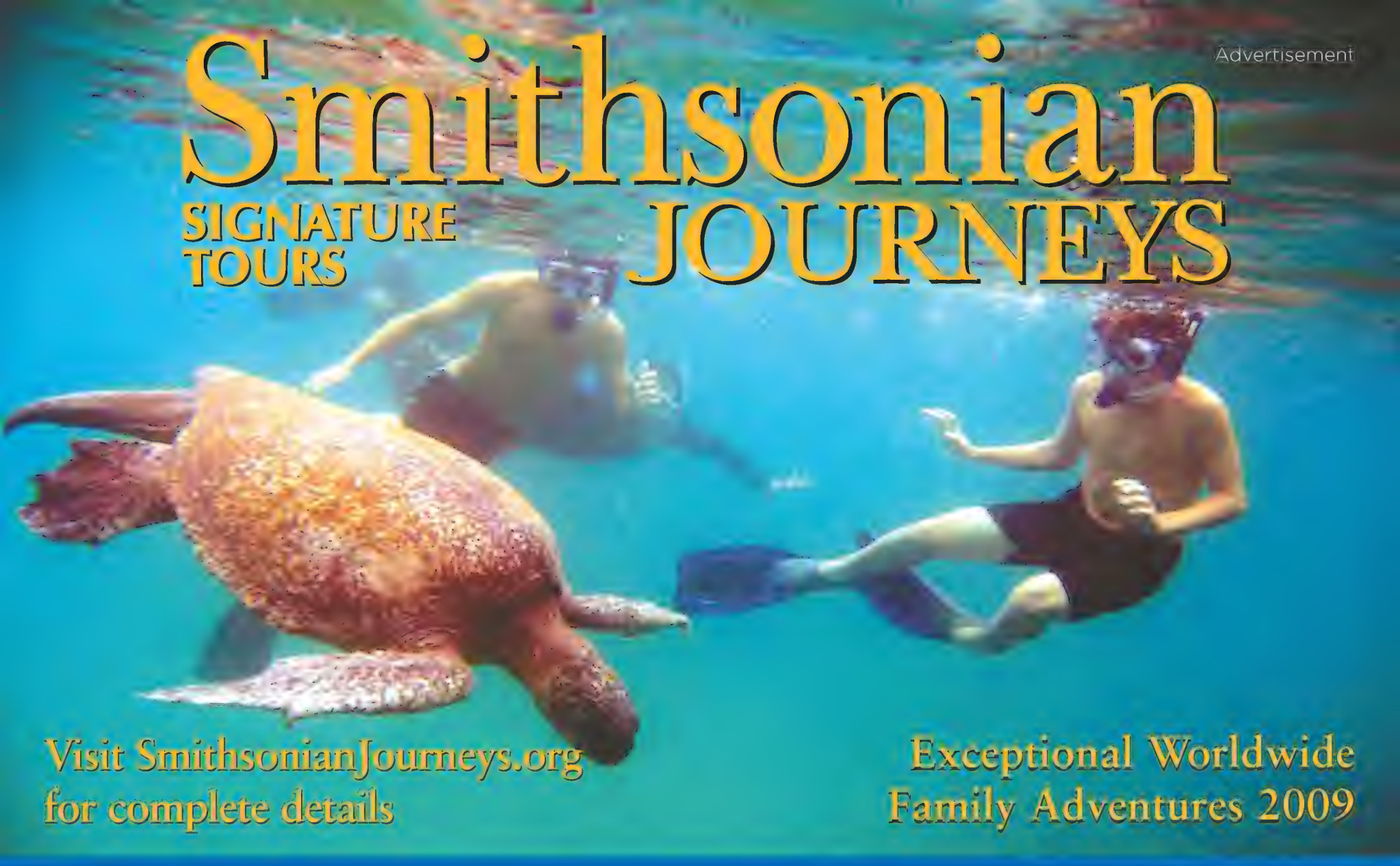

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COSTA RICA BY LAND AND SEA July 2-11
Enjoy a thrilling adventure packed with educational play, including river rafting, zip-line canopy tours, and a rodeo at a working ranch. Stay at the base of Arenal Volcano, then board the privately chartered *Pacific Explorer* to swim, snorkel, and kayak along the pristine coast. Smithsonian's James Karr and expert naturalists help families spot wildlife and introduce marine ecology and geology. From $5,490

VOYAGE TO THE LANDS OF GODS AND HEROES July 7-18
Learn firsthand about Greek and Roman culture as youth counselors introduce the wonders of antiquity to your children. Watch them run a footrace at Olympia, look for clues at their own "excavation," and learn how sailors navigate by the stars. Cruise aboard the privately chartered *Corinthian II* from Rome to Athens on this special family adventure. From $6,995

TUSCANY FAMILY JOURNEY July 25-August 3
Share the pleasures of Tuscany during a family stay in a restored medieval village. Take walking tours together in Siena and the countryside, and learn about magnificent art in Florence. Plus, while kids learn the secrets of making good pizza and playing *bocce*, adults enjoy a wine tasting and other pursuits. $4,995

TANZANIA SUMMER SAFARI FOR FAMILIES August 3-14
Create memories of a lifetime on our special summer safari in Tanzania's famous wildlife reserves, including Arusha, Ngorongoro Crater, the Serengeti, and Lake Manyara National Park. Go on safari with Smithsonian experts to see the "Big Five" animals and stay in grand historic lodges and luxury tented camps. $8,995 (Special offer price available through January 30)

AMAZON FAMILY ADVENTURE December 26, 2009-January 3, 2010
Take your family on a special holiday adventure and cruise down the Amazon River to explore the lush rainforests and untamed waters of this mysterious natural realm. Smithsonian's Ed Smith and expert guides share the secrets of the jungle aboard our classically styled riverboat, *La Turmalina*. From $3,995

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Looking Up

In desolate Niger, wild giraffes are making a comeback despite having to compete for resources with some of the world's poorest people

BY JENNIFER MARGULIS

The only remaining wild giraffes in West Africa—members of an endangered subspecies—wander among villagers and nomadic herders.

Smithsonian
NOVEMBER 2008 · VOLUME 39, NUMBER 8

IN THE DRY SEASON, they are hard to find. Food is scarce in Niger's bush and the animals are on the move, loping miles a day to eat the tops of acacia and combretum trees. I'm in the back seat of a Land Rover and two guides are sitting on the roof. We're looking for some of the only giraffes in the world that roam entirely in unprotected habitat.

Though it's well over 90 degrees Fahrenheit by 10 a.m., the guides find it chilly and are wearing parkas, and one of them, Kimba Idé, has pulled a blue woolen toque over his ears. Idé bangs on the windshield with a long stick to direct the driver: left, right, right again. Frantic tapping means slow down. Pointing into the air means speed up. But it's hard to imagine going any faster. We are off-road, and the bumps pitch us so high that my seat belt cuts into my neck and my tape recorder flies into the front seat, prompting the driv-

er to laugh. Thorny bushes scraping the truck's paint sound like fingernails on a chalkboard. I don't know what to worry about more: the damage the truck might be causing to the ecosystem or the very real possibility we might flip over.

While Africa may have as many as 100,000 giraffes, most of them live in wildlife reserves, private sanctuaries, national parks or other protected areas not inhabited by humans. Niger's giraffes, however, live alongside villagers, most of whom are subsistence farmers from the Zarma ethnic group. Nomadic Peuls, another group, also pass through the area herding cattle. The "giraffe zone," where the animals spend most of their time, is about 40 square miles, although their full range is about 650 square miles. I've seen villagers cutting millet, oblivious to giraffes foraging nearby—a picturesque tableau. But Niger is one of the poorest, most desolate places on earth—it has consistently ranked at or near the bottom of the 177 nations on the United Nation's Human Development Index—and people and giraffes are both fighting for survival, competing for some of the same scarce resources in this dry, increasingly deforested land.

There are nine giraffe subspecies, each distinguished by its range and the color and pattern of its coat. The endangered *Giraffa camelopardalis peralta* is the one found in Niger and only Niger; it has large orange-brown spots on its body that fade to white on its legs. (The reticulated subspecies, known for its sharply defined chestnut brown spots, is found in many zoos.) In the 19th century, thousands of peralta giraffes lived in West Africa, from Mauritania to Niger, in the semiarid land known as the Sahel. By 1996, fewer than 50 remained because of hunting, deforestation and development; the subspecies was heading for extinction.

Niger's "giraffe zone" (above) covers some 40 square miles. A male giraffe (far left in photo) grows up to 18 feet tall and has three stubs, or ossicones, on its head. Females, which are slightly smaller, sport two.

That was about the time I first went to Niger, to work for a development organization called Africare/Niger in the capital city of Niamey. I recall being struck by the heartbreaking beauty of the desert, the way people managed to live with so little—they imported used tires from Germany, drove on them until they were bald and then used them as soles for their shoes—and the slower pace of life. We drank mint tea loaded with sugar and sat for hours waiting for painted henna designs to dry on our skin. "I don't know how anyone can visit West Africa and want to live anywhere else in the world," I wrote in my journal as an idealistic 23-year-old.

Two nights a week I taught English at the American Culture Center, where one of my students was a young French ethologist named Isabelle Ciofolo. She spent her days following the giraffes to observe their behavior. She would study the herd for 12 years and was the first to publish research about it. In 1994, she helped found the Association to Safeguard the Giraffes of Niger (ASGN), which protects giraffe habitat, educates the local population about giraffes, and provides microloans and other aid to villagers in the giraffe zone. The ASGN also participates in an annual giraffe census. Which is how I ended up, some 15 years after I first

MAP: GUILBERT GATES; PP. 36-37 CHRISTOPHE COURTEAU / NATUREPL.COM

"Giraffes bring happiness here," a villager says in Zarma through an interpreter. "Their presence brings us lots of things."

met Ciofolo, in a bucking Land Rover on a giraffe observation expedition that she was leading with Omer Dovi, the Nigerien operations manager for ASGN.

Working on a tip that a large group of giraffes had been spotted the night before, we spend more than two hours looking for them in the bush before we veer off into the savanna. Another hour goes by before Dovi shouts, "There they are!" The driver cuts the Land Rover's engine and we approach the animals on foot: a towering male with large brown spots, two females and three nurslings, which are all ambling through the bush.

The adult giraffes pause and regard us nonchalantly before going back to their browsing. The nurslings, which are only a few weeks old and as frisky as colts, stop and stare at us, batting enormous Mae West eyelashes. Their petal-shaped ears are cocked forward beside their furry horns

PP. 38-39 JEAN-PATRICK SURAUD

"They engage in subtle communication with each other," Ciofolo says, "and we have observed that they are able to figure things out."

(which, Ciofolo says, are not really horns but ossicones made from cartilage and covered with skin). Not even the guides can tell if the nurslings are male or female. Once a giraffe matures, the distinction is easy: peralta males grow a third ossicone. The census-takers note three baby giraffes of indeterminate gender.

We watch the statuesque animals galumph forward in the bush. They are affectionate, intertwining necks and walking so closely that their flanks touch. They seem in constant physical contact, and I am struck by how much they seem to enjoy each other's presence.

I ask Ciofolo if she thinks giraffes are intelligent. "I'm not sure how to evaluate the intelligence of a giraffe," she says. "They engage in subtle communication with each other"—grunts, snorts, whistles, bleats—"and we have observed that they are able to figure things out." Ciofolo says a giraffe she named Penelope years ago (the scientists now designate individual animals less personally, with numbers) "clearly knew who I was and had assessed that I was not a threat to her. She let me get quite close to her. But when other people approached, she got skittish. Penelope was able to distinguish perfectly between a person who was nonthreatening and people who represented a potential threat."

JENNIFER MARGULIS *lived in Niger for more than two years and now writes about travel and culture from Ashland, Oregon.*

A YEAR LATER, IN LATE 2007, I return to Niger and go into the bush with Jean-Patrick Suraud, a doctoral student from the University of Lyon and an ASGN adviser, to observe another census. It takes us only half an hour to find a cluster of seven giraffes. Suraud points out a male that is closely following a female. The giraffe nuzzles her genitals, which prompts her to urinate. He bends his long neck and catches some urine on his muzzle, then raises his head and twists his long black tongue, baring his teeth. Male giraffes, like snakes, elephants and some other animals, have a sensory organ in their mouth, called Jacobson's organ, that enables them to tell if a female is fertile from the taste of her urine. "It's very practical," Suraud says with a laugh. "You don't have to take her out to dinner, you don't have to buy her flowers."

Although the female pauses to let the male test her, she walks away. He does not follow. Presumably she is not fertile. He meanders off to browse.

If a female is fertile, the male will try to mount her. The female may keep walking, causing the male's forelegs to fall awkwardly back to the ground. In the only successful coupling Suraud has witnessed, a male pursued a female—walking alongside her, rubbing her neck, swaying his long body to get her attention—for more than three hours before she finally accepted him. The act itself was over in less than ten seconds.

Suraud is the only scientist known to have witnessed a peralta giraffe give birth. In 2005, after just six months in the

PASCAL GUIBERT; CHRISTOPHE COURTEAU / NATUREPL.COM (2)

field, he was stunned when he came upon a female giraffe with two hoofs sticking out of her vagina. "The giraffe gave birth standing up," he recalls. "The calf fell [six feet] to the ground and rolled a bit." Suraud smacks the top of the truck to illustrate the force of the landing. "I'd read about it before, but still, the fall was brutal. I remember thinking, 'Ouch, that's a crazy way to come into the world.'" The fall, he goes on, "cuts the umbilical cord in one swift motion." Suraud then watched the mother lick the calf and eat part of the placenta. Less than an hour later, the calf had nursed and the two were on the move.

Though mother and calf stay together, groups of giraffes are constantly forming and re-forming in a process scientists call fission-fusion, similar to chimpanzee grouping. It is as common for half a dozen males to forage together as it is for three females and a male. In the rainy season, when food is plentiful, you might find a herd of 20 or more giraffes.

Unlike with chimps, however, it is almost impossible to identify an alpha male among giraffes. Still, Suraud says he has seen male giraffes mount other males in mock copulation, often after a fight. He's not sure what to make of the behavior but suggests it may be a type of dominance display, though there doesn't seem to be an overarching power hierarchy.

Competition among males—which grow to 18 feet tall and weigh as much as 3,000 pounds—for access to females, which are slightly smaller, can be fierce. Males sometimes slam each other with their necks. Seen from afar, a fight might look balletic, but the blows can be brutal. Idé says he witnessed a fight several years ago in which the vanquished giraffe bled to death.

The organization founded by Isabelle Ciofolo (opposite, far left) fights poaching (opposite, top: a victim) by teaching villagers about giraffes (opposite, bottom: a classroom in Kanaré). People are allowed to gather wood from the forest for personal use (above), but selling it is restricted to protect habitat.

As it happens, the evolution of the animal's neck is a matter of some debate. Charles Darwin wrote in *The Origin of Species* that the giraffe is "beautifully adapted for browsing on the higher branches of trees." But some biologists suggest that the emergence of the distinctive trait was driven more by sexual success: males with longer necks won more battles, mated more often and passed on the advantage to future generations.

STILL, WILD GIRAFFES NEED A LOT OF TREES. They live up to 25 years and eat from 75 to 165 pounds of leaves per day. During the dry season, Niger's giraffes get most of their water from leaves and the morning dew. They're a bit like camels. "If water is available, they drink and drink and drink," says Suraud. "But, in fact, they seem not to have a need for it."

Dovi points out places in the savanna where villagers have cut down trees. "The problem is not that they take wood for their own use; there's enough for that," he says. "The problem is that they cut down trees to sell to the market in Niamey."

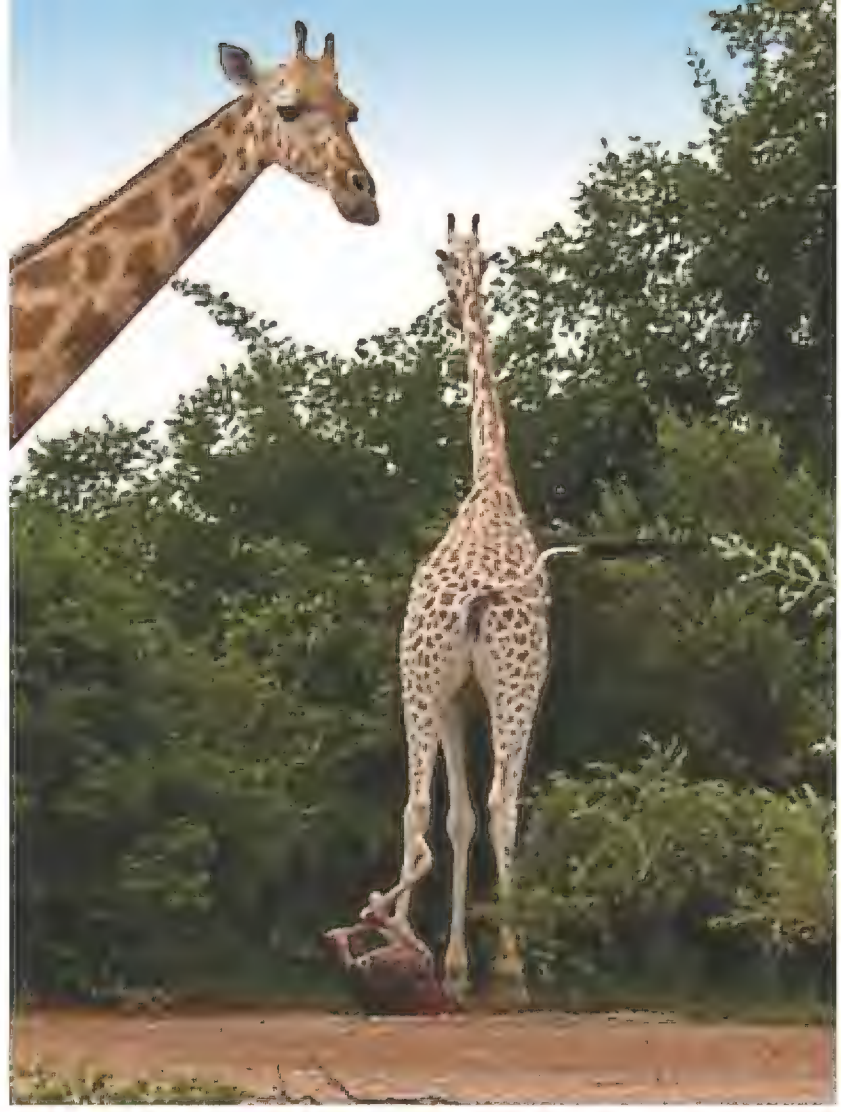
Most woodcutting is prohibited in the giraffe zone. But Lt. Col. Kimba Ousseini, commander of the Nigerien

CHRISTOPHE COURTEAU / NATUREPL.COM

government's Environmental Protection Brigade, says people break the law, despite penalties of between 20,000 and 300,000 CFA francs (approximately $40 to $600) as well as imprisonment. He estimates that 10 to 15 people are fined each year. Yet wood is used to heat houses and fuel cookfires, and stacks and stacks of spindly branches are for sale at the side of the road to Niamey.

When you walk alongside the towering giraffes, close enough to hear the swish-swish of their tails as they gambol past, it's hard not to be indignant about the destruction of their habitat. But Zarma villagers cut down trees because they have few other ways to make money. They live off their crops and are totally dependent on the rainy season to irrigate their millet fields. "Of course they understand why they shouldn't do it!" Ousseini says. "But they tell us they need the money to survive."

The ASGN is trying to help the giraffes by making small loans to villagers and promoting tourism and other initiatives. In the village of Kanaré, women gathered near a well constructed with ASGN funds. By bringing aid to the region in the name of protecting giraffes, ASGN hopes the villagers will see the animals as less of a threat to their livelihood. A woman named Amina, who has six children and was sitting in the shade on a wire-and-metal chair, says she benefited from an ASGN microloan that enabled her to buy goats and sheep, which she fattened and sold. "Giraffes have brought happiness here," Amina says in Zarma through an interpreter. "Their presence brings us lots of things."



Jean-Patrick Suraud (right: with guide Kimba Idé) is the only researcher known to have seen—and photographed—a peralta giraffe giving birth (top: mother and newborn, which dropped six feet to the ground). "Ouch," Suraud recalls thinking, "that's a crazy way to come into the world."

At the same time, giraffes can be a nuisance. They occasionally eat crops such as niebe beans, which look like black-eyed peas and are crushed into flour. (We ate tasty niebe-flour beignets for breakfast in a village called Harikanassou, where we spent the night on thin mattresses under mosquito nets.) Giraffes splay their legs and bend their long necks to eat mature beans right before harvest. They also forage on the succulent orange mangoes that ripen temptingly at giraffe-eye height.

The villager's feelings about the giraffes, from what I gather after speaking with them, are not unlike what people in my small town in southern Oregon feel about deer and elk: they admire the animals from a distance but turn against them if they raid their gardens. "If we leave our niebe in the fields, the giraffes will eat it," explains Ali Hama, the village chief of Yedo. "We've had problems with that. So now we harvest it and bring it into the village to keep it away from the giraffes." Despite having to do this extra step, Hama says his villagers appreciate the giraffes because the animals have brought development to the region.

Unlike giraffes in other parts of Africa, Niger's giraffes have no animal predators. But they face other dangers. During the rainy season, giraffes often come to the Kollo road, about 40 miles east of Niamey, to nibble on shrubs that spring from the hard orange earth. On two occasions in 2006, a bush taxi hit and killed a giraffe at dusk. No people were injured, but the deaths were a significant loss to the small animal population. Villagers feasted on the one-ton animals.

The Niger government outlaws the killing of giraffes, and Col. Abdou Malam Issa, a Ministry of the Environment official, says the administration spends about $40,000 annually on anti-poaching enforcement. In addition, Niger has received money from environmental groups around the world to support the giraffes. As a result, giraffes face little danger of being killed as long as they stay within Niger. But when a group of seven peraltas strayed into Nigeria in 2007, government officials from Niger were unable to alert Nigerian officials quickly enough. Villagers killed one of the giraffes and ate it.

Niger's government hasn't always been disposed to help the giraffes. In 1996, after seizing power in a coup d'état,

JEAN-PATRICK SURAUD; VINCENT AUGER

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When the forestry service refused to help him capture the giraffes, Niger's leader, who had seized power in a coup d'état, sent in the army.

Headed for extinction only a decade ago, Niger's giraffe population shows signs of rebounding. The researchers' 2008 census isn't final, but Suraud is hopeful: he counted 28 pregnant giraffes this year.

Ibrahim Baré Mainassara wanted to give two giraffes each to the presidents of Burkina Faso and Nigeria. When the forestry service refused to help him capture the giraffes, Baré sent in the army. More than 20 giraffes were killed, out of a total population of fewer than 60. "We lost 30 percent of the herd," says Ciofolo, who was working in the field at that time. In 2002, President Mamadou Tandja, who was first elected in 1999 and remains in power, set out to give a pair of giraffes to Togo's president. This time the Togolese Army, helped by local villagers and the forestry service, spent three days chasing the giraffes and captured two. One died en route to Togo, and the other after arriving there. Hama Noma, a 27-year-old villager who witnessed the capture, says the giraffes were immobilized with ropes and transported in the back of a truck: "They suffered a lot before they died."

DRIVING NORTH PAST A PITTED and rusty sign for the town of Niambere Bella, we come across a lone male strutting through the fields. "Number 208!" Suraud cries out. "This is only the second time I've seen him!" We find a group of 16 giraffes, an unusual sight during the dry season. Each one has been identified previously, which makes the research team rejoice. "It means we haven't missed any," says Suraud, clearly pleased. He pats Idé on the back, smiling. The mood is hopeful—at least 21 calves have been born recently, more than expected. And indeed the official results are heartening: 164 giraffes were photographed in 2007, leading the researchers to estimate that the population is around 175 individuals. While that number is dangerously small, it's up from 144 in 2006 and represents a 250 percent increase since 1996. Suraud says he is optimistic about the herd.

Julian Fennessy, a founding member of the International Giraffe Working Group of the International Union for Conservation of Nature, projects that a minimum of 400 giraffes of a variety of ages is needed for a viable peralta population. Whether the mostly desert climate of this part of West Africa can support the growing number remains to be seen; some giraffe researchers have even suggested that the giraffes might be better off in a wildlife refuge. But Ciofolo points out that the nearest reserve in Niger has unsuitable vegetation—and lions. "In my opinion, giraffes are much better off living where they are now, where they are protected by the local people," she says.

As the sky darkens, we drive past several villagers using handmade machetes called *coup-coups* to cut dried millet stalks. A father and son lead two bulls pulling a cart laden with straw bales along rough track in the bush. Now the royal blue sky is streaked with orange and violet from the setting sun, and the moon shimmers. Nearby, a group of foraging giraffes adds a calm majesty to the landscape these animals have so long inhabited.

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View more photos of Niger's giraffes at Smithsonian.com/giraffes

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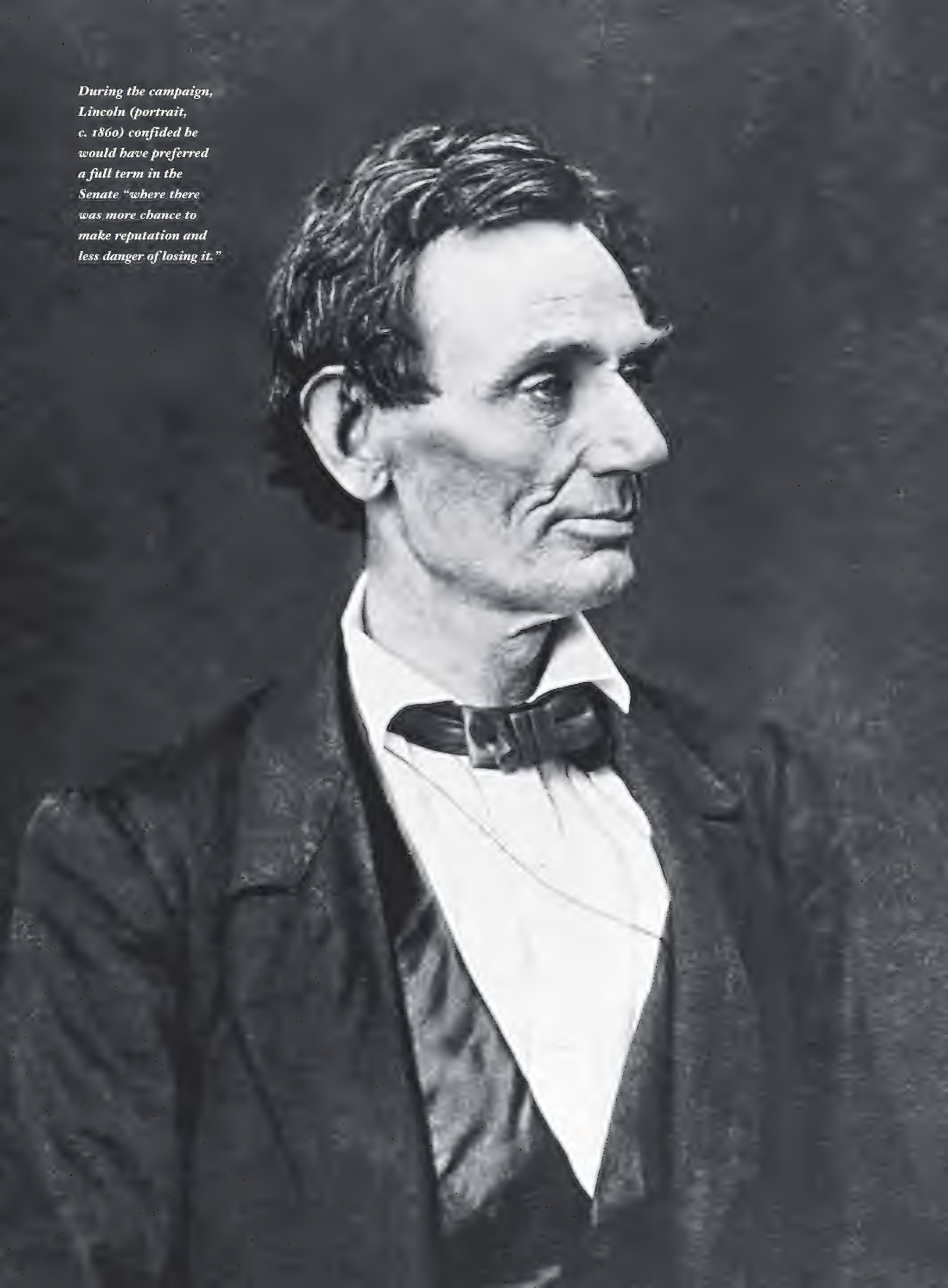
During the campaign, Lincoln (portrait, c. 1860) confided he would have preferred a full term in the Senate "where there was more chance to make reputation and less danger of losing it."



ELECTION DAY 1860

As soon as the returns were in, the burdens of the presidency weighed upon Abraham Lincoln

BY HAROLD HOLZER

THE CANNON SALVO THAT THUNDERED OVER Springfield, Illinois, at sunrise on November 6, 1860, signaled not the start of a battle, but the end of the bitter, raucous six-month-long campaign for president of the United States. Election Day was finally dawning. Lincoln probably awoke, like his neighbors, at the first cannon blast, if, that is, he had slept at all. Just a few days before, warning that "the existence of slavery is at stake," South Carolina's *Charleston Mercury* had called for a prompt secession convention in "each and all of the Southern states" should the "Abolitionist white man" capture the White House. That same day, a prominent New York Democrat prophesied that if Lincoln were elected, "at least Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina would secede."

Yet the danger that a Lincoln victory could prove cataclysmic did little to deflate the city's celebratory mood. By the time the polls opened at 8 a.m., a journalist reported, "tranquility forsook Springfield" altogether, and "the out-door tumult" awoke "whatever sluggish spirits there might be among the populace."

Less than three weeks earlier, Lincoln had confided to a caller that he would have preferred a full term in the Senate, "where there was more chance to make reputation and less danger of losing it—than four years in the presidency." It was a startling admission. But having lost two senatorial races over the past five years, most recently to Stephen A. Douglas—one of the two Democrats he now opposed in his run for the White House—Lincoln's conflicted thoughts were understandable.

Looking at his electoral prospects coolly he had reason to expect he would prevail. In a pivotal state election two months earlier, widely seen as a harbinger of the presidential contest, Maine had elected a Republican governor with a healthy majority. Republicans had earned similarly impressive majorities in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. Lincoln finally al-

From *Lincoln President-Elect* by Harold Holzer. Copyright © 2008 by Harold Holzer. Reprinted by permission of Simon & Schuster, Inc., NY.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; P. 46 CORBIS

lowed himself to believe that the "splendid victories . . . seem to fore-shadow the certain success of the Republican cause in November."

Complicating matters was the fact that four candidates were competing for the presidency. Earlier in the year, the sectionally riven Democratic Party had split into Northern and Southern factions, promising a dilution of its usual strength, and a new Constitutional Union Party had nominated Tennessee politician John Bell for president. Though Lincoln remained convinced that no "ticket can be elected by the People, unless it be ours," no one could be absolutely certain that any candidate would amass enough electoral votes to win the presidency outright. If none secured an absolute majority of electors, the contest would go to the House of Representatives. Anything might yet happen.

Stephen A. Douglas, the presidential standard-bearer of Northern Democrats, took care to deny that he harbored hopes for such an outcome, but privately dreamed of it. Outgoing President James Buchanan's endorsed choice, Vice President John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky, had improbably emerged as the Democratic favorite in the president's home state of Pennsylvania, where "Old Buck" still enjoyed popularity. In New York, opposition to Lincoln coalesced around Douglas. Horace Greeley, editor of the pro-Lincoln *New York Tribune*, exhorted the Republican faithful to allow no "call of business or pleasure, any visitation of calamity, bereavement, or moderate illness, to keep you from the polls."

"This is the same old trick by which the South breaks down every Northern victory."

DESPITE THE LINGERING UNCERTAINTY, LINCOLN had done next to nothing publicly, and precious little privately, to advance his own cause. Prevailing political tradition called for silence from presidential candidates. In earlier elections, nominees who had defied custom appeared desperate and invariably lost. Besides, when it came to the smoldering issue of slavery, the choice seemed clear enough. Douglas championed the idea that settlers in new Western territories were entitled to vote slavery up or down for themselves, while Breckinridge argued that slave owners could take their human property anywhere they chose. Against both stood Lincoln.

Such profound disagreement might have provided fodder for serious debate. But no such opportunities existed within the reigning political culture of mid-19th-century America, not even when the canvass involved proven debaters like Lincoln and Douglas, who had famously battled each other face to face in seven senatorial debates two years earlier. Worried that Lincoln might be tempted to resume politicking, William Cullen Bryant, editor of the pro-Republican *New York Evening Post*, bluntly reminded him that "the vast majority of your friends . . . want you to make no speeches, write no letters as a candidate, enter into no pledges, make no promises, nor even give any of those kind words which men are apt to interpret into promises." Lincoln had obliged.

He was already on record as viewing slavery as "a moral, political and social wrong" that "ought to be treated as a wrong . . . with the fixed idea that it must and will come to the end." These sentiments alone had proven enough to alarm Southerners. But Lincoln had never embraced immediate abolition, knowing that such a position would have isolated him from mainstream American voters and rendered him unelectable. Unalterably opposed to the extension of slavery, Lincoln remained willing to "tolerate" its survival where it already existed, believing that containment would place it "in the course of ultimate extinction." That much voters already knew.

When a worried visitor from New England nonetheless urged him, the day before the election, to "reassure the men honestly alarmed" over the prospect of his victo-

PP. 48-49 GRANGER COLLECTION, NEW YORK

Lincoln woke up on Election Day in the two-story corner house (left: 1861, below: 2006) where he had lived with his family in Springfield for 16 years.

DAVID R. FRAZIER / DANITADELIMONT.COM

South, I would go to Washington without the countenance of the men who supported me and were my friends before the election; I would be as powerless as a block of buckeye wood."

In the last letter of his noncampaign, composed a week before Election Day, one can hear the candidate refusing to be drawn into further debate: "For the good men of the South—and I regard the majority of them as such—I have no objection to repeat seventy and seven times. But I have *bad* men also to deal with, both North and South—men who are eager for something new upon which to base new misrepresentations—men who would like to frighten me, or, at least, to fix upon me the character of timidity and cowardice. They would seize upon almost any letter I could write, as being an '*awful coming down*.' I intend keeping my eye upon these gentlemen, and to not unnecessarily put any weapons in their hands."

So Lincoln's "campaign" for president ended as it began: in adamant silence, and in the same Illinois city to which he had so tenaciously clung since the national convention. Like the solar eclipse that had obscured the Illinois sun in July, Lincoln remained in Springfield, hidden in full view.

INSIDE WHAT ONE VISITING reporter described as the "plain, neat looking, two story" corner house where he had lived with his family for 16 years, Lincoln prepared to accept the people's verdict. In his second-floor bedroom, he no doubt dressed in his usual formal black suit, pulling his long arms into a frock coat worn over a stiff white shirt and collar and a black waistcoat. As always, he wound a black tie carelessly round his sinewy neck and pulled tight-fitting boots—how could they be otherwise?—over his gargantuan feet. He likely greeted Mary and their two younger sons, 9-year-old Willie and 7-year-old Tad, at the dining table. (The eldest, Robert, had recently begun his freshman year at Harvard.)

Lincoln probably took his usual spare breakfast with the family—an egg and toast washed down with coffee. Eventually he donned the signature stovepipe hat he kept on an iron hook in the front hall. Then, as always—unaccompanied by retinues of security men or political aides—he stepped outside, turned toward the Illinois State Capitol some five blocks to the northwest and

ry, Lincoln flew into a rare fury, and, as his personal secretary John George Nicolay observed, branded such men "liars and knaves." As Lincoln hotly explained: "This is the same old trick by which the South breaks down every Northern victory. Even if I were personally willing to barter away the moral principle involved in this contest, for the commercial gain of a new submission to the

marched on toward his headquarters.

The bracing air that greeted Lincoln may have surprised—even worried—him. The unseasonable chill could dampen voter turnout. As the morning warmed, however, reports of sun-drenched, cloudless skies from one end of the state to the other stirred Republican hearts, clement weather being crucial to the task of enticing widely scattered rural voters, predominantly Republican, to distant polling places.

Once notorious for its muddy streets and freely roaming pigs, Springfield now boasted outdoor, gas-fed lighting; a large and growing population of lawyers, doctors and merchants; and clusters of two- and three-story brick structures surmounting wood-plank sidewalks.

Lincoln faced three other candidates. From left: Southern Democrat John Breckinridge, Northern Democrat Stephen Douglas and John Bell, representing the newly formed Constitutional Union Party.

Looming with almost incongruous grandeur over the city was the imposing State House, its red-painted copper cupola rising twice as tall as any other structure in town. Here, since his nomination in May, Lincoln had maintained his official headquarters—and his official silence—in a second-floor corner suite customarily reserved for the state's governor. For six months, Lincoln had here welcomed visitors, told "amusing stories," posed for painters, accumulated souvenirs, worked on selected correspondence and scoured the newspapers. Now he was headed there to pass his final hours as a candidate for president.

Lincoln entered the limestone State House from the south through its oversized pine doors. He ambled past its Supreme Court chamber, where he had argued many cases during his 24-year legal career, and past the adjacent libraries where he had researched the sensational speech he had delivered at Cooper Union nine months earlier in New York City. Then he climbed the interior staircase, at the top of which stood the ornate Assembly chamber where, in 1858, he had accepted the Republican Senate nomination with his rousing "House Divided" address.

Keeping his thoughts to himself as usual, Lincoln headed to a 15-foot-by-25-foot carpeted reception room and smaller adjacent office, simply furnished with both upholstered and plain wooden chairs, a desk and a table—ceded to him these many months by the new governor, John Wood.

Here the journalists who arrived to cover Lincoln's movements this Election Day encountered the candidate, "surrounded by an abattis [sic] of disheveled newspapers and in comfortable occupancy of two chairs, one supporting his body, the other his heels." Entering the crowded room to a hearty "come in, sir," a New York newspaperman was struck by the candidate's "easy, old fashioned, off-handed manner," and was surprised to find "none of that hard, crusty, chilly look about him" that "dominated most campaign portraits." Doing his best to display his "winning manner" and "affability," Lincoln spent the early part of the day "receiving and entertaining such visitors as called upon him," respectfully rising each time a new delegation arrived. "These were both numerous and various—representing, perhaps as many tempers and as many nationalities as could easily be brought together at the West."

When, for example, "some rough-jacketed constituents" burst in, who, "having voted for him . . . expressed a wish to look at their man," Lincoln received them "kindly" until they "went away, thoroughly satisfied in every manner." To a delegation of New Yorkers, Lincoln feigned displeasure, chiding them that he would have felt better had they stayed home to vote. Similarly, when a New York reporter arrived to shadow him, he raised an eyebrow and scolded: "a vote is a vote; every vote counts."

But when a visitor asked whether he worried that Southern states would secede if he won, Lincoln turned serious. "They might make a little stir about it before," he said. "But if they waited until after the inauguration and for some overt act, *they would wait all their lives*." Unappreciated in the excitement of the hour was this hint at a policy of nonaggression.

On this tense day, Lincoln offered the hopeful view that "elections in this country were like 'big boils'—they caused a great deal of pain before they came to a head, but after the trouble was over the body was in better health than before." Eager as he was for the campaign to "come to a head," Lincoln delayed casting his own vote. As the clock ticked away, he remained secluded in the Gover-

KENTUCKY HISTORICAL SOCIETY; LIBRARY OF CONGRESS (2)

nor's suite, "surrounded by friends . . . apparently as unconcerned as the most obscure man in the nation," occasionally glancing out the window to the crowded polling place across Capitol Square.

AS LINCOLN DAWDLED, MORE THAN FOUR MILLION white males began registering their choices for the presidency. In must-win New York, patrician lawyer George Templeton Strong, an ardent Lincoln supporter, sensed history in the making. "A memorable day," he wrote in his diary. "We do not know yet for what. Perhaps for the disintegration of the country, perhaps for another proof that the North is timid and mercenary, perhaps for demonstration that Southern bluster is worthless. We cannot tell yet what historical lesson the event of November 6, 1860, will teach, but the lesson cannot fail to be weighty."

The Virginia extremist Edmund Ruffin also wanted Lincoln to win—though for a different reason. Like many fellow secessionists, Ruffin hoped a Lincoln victory would embolden the South to quit the Union. Earlier that year, the agricultural theorist and political agitator had published a piece of speculative fiction entitled *Anticipations of the Future,* in which he flatly predicted that "the obscure and coarse Lincoln" would be "elected by the sectional Abolition Party of the North," which in turn would justify Southern resistance to "oppression and impending subjugation"—namely, a fight for "independence."

Several hundred miles to the north, in the abolitionist hotbed of Quincy, Massachusetts, Charles Francis Adams—Republican Congressional candidate, son of one American president, grandson of another and proud heir to a long family tradition of antislavery—proudly "voted the entire ticket of the Republicans," exulting: "It is a remarkable idea to reflect that all over this broad land at this moment the process of changing the rulers is peacefully going on and what a change in all probability." Even so, Adams had hoped for a different Republican—William Seward—to win the nomination.

Closer to Springfield—and perhaps truer to the divided spirit of America—a veteran of the Mexican War evinced conflicted emotions about the choices his Galena, Illinois, neighbors faced. "By no means a 'Lincoln man,' " Ulysses S. Grant nonetheless seemed resigned to the Republican's success. "The fact is I think the Democratic party want a little purifying and nothing will do it so effectually as a defeat," asserted the retired soldier, now starting life anew in the family's leather-tanning business. "The only thing is, I don't like to see a Republican beat the party."

In Stephen A. Douglas' hometown of Chicago, meanwhile, voters braved two-hour waits in lines four blocks long. But Douglas was not there to cast a vote of his own. On the southern leg of a multi-city tour, he found himself in Mobile, Alabama, where he may have taken solace that Lincoln's name did not even appear on that state's ballots—or, for that matter, on any of the nine additional Deep South states. The man who had beaten Lincoln for the Senate only two years earlier now stood to lose his home state—and with it, the biggest prize in American politics—to the very same man.

As of Election Day, Lincoln had successfully avoided not only his three opponents, but also his own running mate, Hannibal Hamlin. Republicans had nominated the Maine senator for vice president without Lincoln's knowledge or consent—true to another prevailing political custom that left such choices exclusively to the delegates—in an attempt to balance the ticket. After asking a mutual acquaintance to convey his "respects" to Hamlin a week after the convention, Lincoln waited a full two months before initiating direct communication. Even then, pointing out that both of them had served in the 30th Congress from 1847 to 1849—Lincoln as a congressman and Hamlin as a senator—Lincoln admitted, "I have no recollection that we were introduced." Almost grudgingly did he add: "It appears to me that you and I ought to be acquainted."

Senator Hannibal Hamlin was nominated for vice president (above: campaign button) without Lincoln's consent.

Now, on Election Day, the Republican Party's running mates would be voting much as they had "run": separately and silently.

Frederick Douglass was skeptical. Like Lincoln, the former slave turned passionate civil rights pioneer was self-educated, a brilliant writer and a captivating orator. And while both men rejected the idea that the Constitution gave Americans the right to own slaves, Douglass did

At around 3:30 p.m., Lincoln "walked leisurely" to the crowded courthouse to cast his vote.

GEORGE EASTMAN HOUSE / GETTY IMAGES

Hear Historian David C. Ward on the many faces of Lincoln at Smithsonian.com/lincoln-elect

not agree that the Constitution protected slavery in states where it had existed before the founding of the Republic or in Southern states that had joined the Union since. And while Douglass decried "threats of violence" against Republicans in Kentucky and other states "and the threats of dissolution of the Union in case of the election of Lincoln," he could not bring himself to praise Lincoln directly. Their warm personal acquaintance would not begin for several more years.

As election results began trickling in, nearly 500 Republican faithful massed for a "lively time" in the gas-lit, cavernous Representative Hall at the Illinois State House (above).

SPRINGFIELD'S ACTUAL POLLING PLACE, SET UP in a courtroom two flights upstairs at the oblong-shaped Sangamon County Court House at Sixth and Washington streets, consisted of two partially enclosed "voting windows close beside each other," one for Democrats, one for Republicans. It was "a peculiar arrangement" in the view of the correspondent from St. Louis, but one that had been "practiced in Springfield for several years." A voter had only to pick up the preprinted ballot of his choice outside, and then ascend the stairs to announce his own name to an election clerk and deposit the ballot in a clear glass bowl. This was secret in name only: voters openly clutching their distinctly tinted, ornately designed forms while waiting in line signaled precisely how they intended to vote. The system all but guaranteed bickering and ill feelings.

In this roiling atmosphere, it was hardly surprising that Lincoln had replied almost defensively to a neighbor about how he planned to vote. "For Yates," he said—Richard Yates, the Republican candidate for governor of Illinois. But "How vote" on "the presidential question?" the bystander persisted. To which Lincoln replied: "Well . . . by ballot," leaving onlookers "all laughing." Until Election Day afternoon, Lincoln's law partner William Herndon was convinced that Lincoln would bow to the "feeling that the candidate for a Presidential office ought not to vote for his own electors" and cast no ballot whatsoever.

But around 3:30 p.m., he peered out the window toward the crowd surrounding the courthouse, slipped out of the Governor's Room, headed downstairs and "walked leisurely over to deposit his vote," accompanied by a small group of friends and protectors to "see him safely through the mass of men at the voting place."

As Lincoln reached the courthouse to cheers and shouts from surprised Republicans, "friends almost lifted him off the ground and would have carried him to the polls [but] for interference." The "dense crowd," Lincoln's future assistant secretary John M. Hay recalled, "began to shout with . . . wild abandon" even as they "respectfully opened a passage for him from the street to the polls." People shouted out "Old Abe!" "Uncle Abe!" "Honest Abe!" and "The Giant Killer!" Even Democratic supporters, Herndon marveled, "acted politely—civilly & respectfully, raising their hats to him as he passed on through them."

A *New York Tribune* reporter on the scene confirmed that "all party feelings seemed to be forgotten, and even the distributors of opposition tickets joined in the overwhelming demonstrations of greeting." Every Republican agent in the street fought for "the privilege of handing Lincoln his ballot." A throng followed him inside, John Nicolay reported, pursuing him "in dense numbers along the hall and up the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

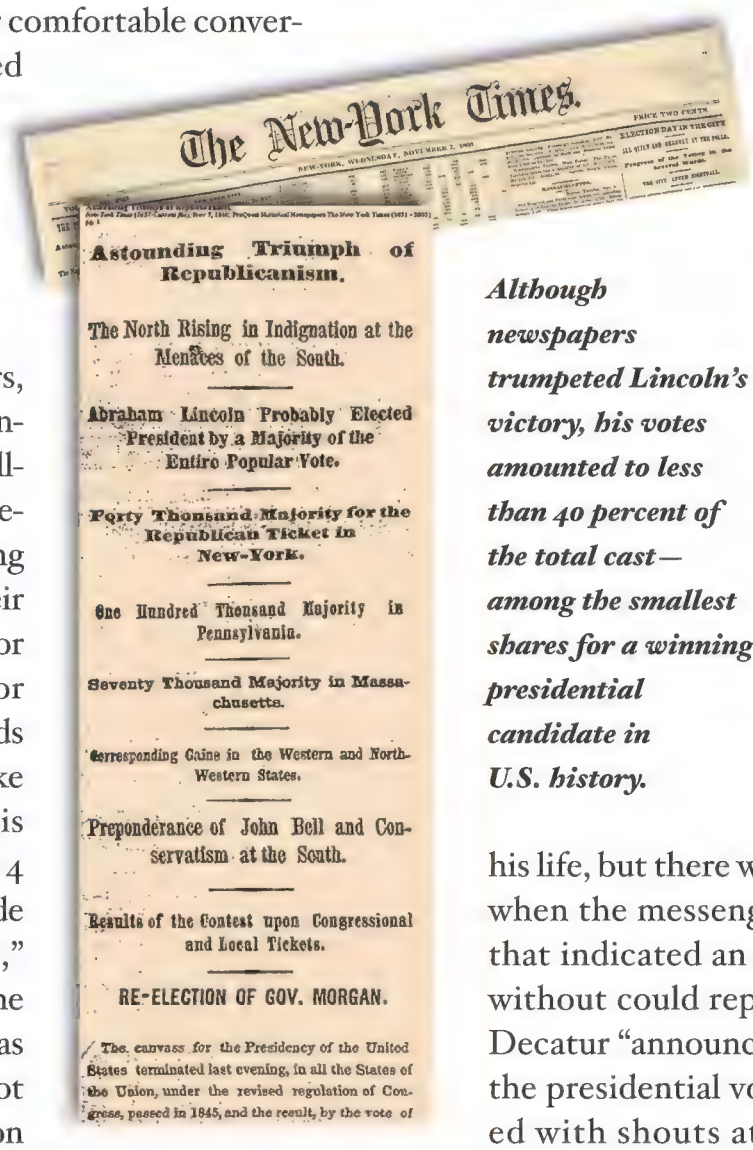
People shouted out "Old Abe!" "Uncle Abe!" "Honest Abe!" and "The Giant Killer!"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY AND MUSEUM

stairs into the court room which was also crowded." The cheering that greeted him there was even more deafening than in the street, and once again came from both sides of the political spectrum.

After he "urged his way" to the voting table, Lincoln followed ritual by formally identifying himself in a subdued tone: "Abraham Lincoln." Then he "deposited the straight Republican ticket" after first cutting his own name, and those of the electors pledged to him, from the top of his preprinted ballot so he could vote for other Republicans without immodestly voting for himself.

Making his way back to the door, the candidate smiled broadly at well-wishers, doffing the black top hat that made him appear, in the words of a popular campaign song, "in h[e]ight somewhat less than a steeple," and bowed with as much grace as he could summon. Though the "crush was too great for comfortable conversation," a number of excited neighbors grabbed Lincoln by the hand or tried offering a word or two as he inched forward.


The New-York Times.

NEW-YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1860

PRICE TWO CENTS

ELECTION DAY IN THE CITY

ALL QUIET AND ORDERLY AT THE POLLS.

Progress of the Voting by One Several Wards.

THE CITY AFTER NIGHTFALL.

Astounding Triumph of Republicanism.

The North Rising in Indignation at the Menaces of the South.

Abraham Lincoln Probably Elected President by a Majority of the Entire Popular Vote.

Forty Thousand Majority for the Republican Ticket in New-York.

One Hundred Thousand Majority in Pennsylvania.

Seventy Thousand Majority in Massachusetts.

Corresponding Gains in the Western and North-Western States.

Preponderance of John Bell and Conservatism at the South.

Results of the Contest upon Congressional and Local Tickets.

RE-ELECTION OF GOV. MORGAN.

The canvass for the Presidency of the United States terminated last evening, in all the States of the Union, under the revised regulation of Congress, passed in 1845, and the result, by the vote of

Although newspapers trumpeted Lincoln's victory, his votes amounted to less than 40 percent of the total cast—among the smallest shares for a winning presidential candidate in U.S. history.

Somehow, he eventually made his way through this gantlet and back downstairs, where he encountered yet another throng of frenzied well-wishers. Now they shed all remaining inhibitions, "seizing his hands, and throwing their arms around his neck, body or legs and grasping his coat or anything they could lay hands on, and yelling and acting like madmen." Lincoln made his way back to the Capitol. By 4 p.m. he was safely back inside "his more quiet quarters," where he again "turned to the entertainment of his visitors as unconcernedly as if he had not just received a demonstration which anybody might well take a little time to think of and be proud over."

Even with the people's decision only hours away, Lincoln still managed to look relaxed as he exchanged stories with his intimates, perhaps keeping busy in order to remain calm himself. Samuel Weed thought it remarkable that "Mr. Lincoln had a lively interest in the election, but . . . scarcely ever alluded to himself." To hear him, noted Weed, "one would have concluded that the District Attorneyship of a county in Illinois was of far more importance than the Presidency itself." Lincoln's "good nature never deserted him, and yet underneath I saw an air of seriousness, which in reality dominated the man."

After four o'clock, telegrams bearing scattered early returns began trickling in, uniformly predicting Republican successes across the North. When one cantankerous dispatch expressed the hope that the Republican would triumph so his state, South Carolina, "would soon be free," Lincoln scoffed, recalling that he had received several such letters in recent weeks, some signed, others anonymous. Then his expression darkened and he handed the telegram to Ozias Hatch with the remark that its author, a former congressman, "would bear watching." Indirect as it was, this was the candidate's first expression that he expected soon to be president-elect, with responsibilities that included isolating potential troublemakers. Shortly thereafter, around 5 p.m. Lincoln walked home, presumably to take dinner. There he remained with his family for more than two hours.

WHEN LINCOLN RETURNED TO the state house around 7 to resume reading dispatches, he still displayed "a most marvelous equanimity." Down the corridor, inside the cavernous, gas-lit Representative Hall, nearly 500 Republican faithful massed for a "lively time." The chamber "was filled nearly all night," Nicolay recalled, by a crowd "shouting, yelling, singing, dancing, and indulging in all sorts [of] demonstrations of happiness as the news came in."

Weed distinctly remembered the candidate's silent but evocative reaction when the first real returns finally arrived. "Mr. Lincoln was calm and collected as ever in his life, but there was a nervous twitch on his countenance when the messenger from the telegraph office entered, that indicated an anxiety within that no coolness from without could repress." It turned out to be a wire from Decatur "announcing a handsome Republican gain" over the presidential vote four years earlier. The room erupted with shouts at the news, and supporters bore the telegram into the hallway "as a trophy of victory to be read to the crowd."

Further numbers proved agonizingly slow in coming.

The day before, the town's principal telegraph operator had invited Lincoln to await the returns at the nearby Illinois & Mississippi Telegraph Company headquarters, in whose second-floor office, the man had promised, "you can receive the good news without delay," and without "a noisy crowd inside." By nine o'clock, Lincoln could resist no longer. Accompanied by Hatch, Nicolay and Jesse K. Dubois, Lincoln strode across the square, ascended the stairs of the telegraph building and installed himself on a sofa "comfortably near the instruments."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

THE NEW YORK TIMES (2)

THE WORLD'S FIRST TEMPLE?

Predating Stonehenge by 6,000 years, Turkey's stunning Gobekli Tepe upends the conventional view of the rise of civilization

BY ANDREW CURRY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERTHOLD STEINHILBER

SIX MILES FROM URFA, AN ANCIENT CITY in southeastern Turkey, Klaus Schmidt has made one of the most startling archaeological discoveries of our time: massive carved stones about 11,000 years old, crafted and arranged by prehistoric people who had not yet developed metal tools or even pottery. The megaliths predate Stonehenge by some 6,000 years. The place is called Gobekli Tepe, and Schmidt, a German archaeologist who has been working here more than a decade, is convinced it's the site of the world's oldest temple.

"*Guten Morgen*," he says at 5:20 a.m. when his van picks

Now seen as early evidence of prehistoric worship, the hilltop site was previously shunned by researchers as nothing more than a medieval cemetery.

me up at my hotel in Urfa. Thirty minutes later, the van reaches the foot of a grassy hill and parks next to strands of barbed wire. We follow a knot of workmen up the hill to rectangular pits shaded by a corrugated steel roof—the main excavation site. In the pits, standing stones, or pillars, are arranged in circles. Beyond, on the hillside, are four other rings of partially excavated pillars. Each ring has a roughly similar layout: in the center are two large stone T-shaped pillars encircled by slightly smaller stones facing inward. The tallest pillars tower 16 feet and, Schmidt says, weigh between seven and ten tons. As we walk among them, I see that some are blank, while others are elaborately carved: foxes, lions, scorpions and vultures abound, twisting and crawling on the pillars' broad sides.

Schmidt points to the great stone rings, one of them 65 feet across. "This is the first human-built holy place," he says.

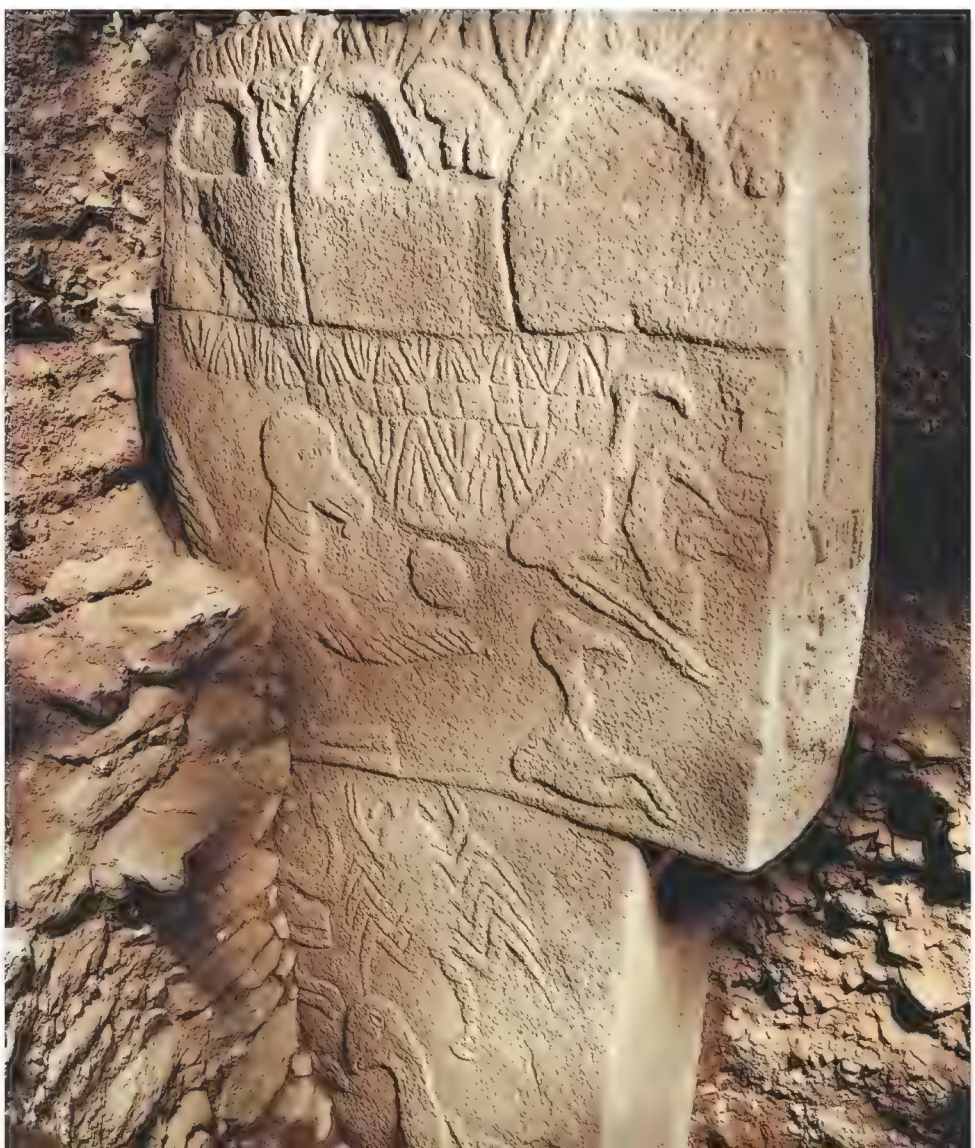
From this perch 1,000 feet above the valley, we can see to the horizon in nearly every direction. Schmidt, 53, asks me to imagine what the landscape would have looked like 11,000 years ago, before centuries of intensive farming and settlement turned it into the nearly featureless brown expanse it is today.

Prehistoric people would have gazed upon herds of gazelle and other wild animals; gently flowing rivers, which attracted migrating geese and ducks; fruit and nut trees; and rippling fields of wild barley and wild wheat varieties such as emmer and einkorn. "This area was like a paradise," says Schmidt, a member of the German Archaeological Institute. Indeed, Gobekli Tepe sits at the northern edge of the Fertile Crescent—an arc of mild climate and arable land from the Persian Gulf to present-day Lebanon, Israel, Jordan and Egypt—and would have attracted hunter-gatherers from Africa and the Levant. And partly because Schmidt has found no evidence that people permanently resided on the summit of Gobekli Tepe itself, he believes this was a place of worship on an unprecedented scale—humanity's first "cathedral on a hill."

With the sun higher in the sky, Schmidt ties a white scarf around his balding head, turban-style, and deftly picks his way down the hill among the relics. In rapid-fire German he explains that he has mapped the entire summit using ground-penetrating radar and geomagnetic surveys, charting where at least 16 other megalith rings remain buried across 22 acres.

A key clue to the megaliths' purpose may be their elaborately carved bestiary, including such predators as foxes (right) and perhaps leopards (below left). Vultures (below right: with a scorpion) hint at spiritual concerns, says one archaeologist: Some peoples have revered vultures for carrying the flesh of the dead to the heavens.

ANDREW CURRY, *who is based in Berlin, wrote the July cover story about Vikings.* **BERTHOLD STEINHILBER**'*s hauntingly lighted award-winning photographs of American ghost towns appeared in* SMITHSONIAN *in May 2001.*



Some 11,000 years ago "this area was like a paradise," says archaeologist Klaus Schmidt (below), who is excavating Gobekli Tepe. He believes that ancient hunter-gatherers first assembled here to build sacred monuments, and only then formed settlements and domesticated animals and plants—the opposite of the standard version of civilization's origins.

The one-acre excavation covers less than 5 percent of the site. He says archaeologists could dig here for another 50 years and barely scratch the surface.

Gobekli Tepe was first examined—and dismissed—by University of Chicago and Istanbul University anthropologists in the 1960s. As part of a sweeping survey of the region, they visited the hill, saw some broken slabs of limestone and assumed the mound was nothing more than an abandoned medieval cemetery. In 1994, Schmidt was working on his own survey of prehistoric sites in the region. After reading a brief mention of the stone-littered hilltop in the University of Chicago researchers' report, he decided to go there himself. From the moment he first saw it, he knew the place was extraordinary.

Unlike the stark plateaus nearby, Gobekli Tepe (the name means "belly hill" in Turkish) has a gently rounded top that rises 50 feet above the surrounding landscape. To Schmidt's eye, the shape stood out. "Only man could have created something like this," he says. "It was clear right away this was a gigantic Stone Age site." The broken pieces of limestone that earlier surveyors had mistaken for gravestones suddenly took on a different meaning.

Schmidt returned a year later with five colleagues and they uncovered the first megaliths, a few buried so close to the surface they were scarred by plows. As the archaeologists dug deeper, they unearthed pillars arranged in circles. Schmidt's team, however, found none of the telltale signs of a settlement: no cooking hearths, houses or trash pits,

and none of the clay fertility figurines that litter nearby sites of about the same age. The archaeologists did find evidence of tool use, including stone hammers and blades. And because those artifacts closely resemble others from nearby sites previously carbon-dated to about 9000 B.C., Schmidt and co-workers estimate that Gobekli Tepe's stone structures are the same age. Limited carbon dating undertaken by Schmidt at the site confirms this assessment.

The way Schmidt sees it, Gobekli Tepe's sloping, rocky ground is a stonecutter's dream. Even without metal chisels or hammers, prehistoric masons wielding flint tools could have chipped away at softer limestone outcrops, shaping them into pillars on the spot before carrying them a few hundred yards to the summit and lifting them upright. Then, Schmidt says, once the stone rings were finished, the ancient builders covered them over with dirt. Eventually, they placed another ring nearby or on top of the old one. Over centuries, these layers created the hilltop.

Today, Schmidt oversees a team of more than a dozen German archaeologists, 50 local laborers and a steady stream of enthusiastic students. He typically excavates at the site for two months in the spring and two in the fall. (Summer temperatures reach 115 degrees, too hot to dig; in the winter the area is deluged by rain.) In 1995, he bought a traditional Ottoman house with a courtyard in Urfa, a city of nearly a half-million people, to use as a base of operations.

On the day I visit, a bespectacled Belgian man sits at one end of a long table in front of a pile of bones. Joris Peters, an archaeozoologist from the Ludwig Maximilian University in Munich, specializes in the analysis of animal remains. Since 1998, he has examined more than 100,000 bone fragments from Gobekli Tepe. Peters has often found cut marks and splintered edges on them—signs that the animals from which they came were butchered and cooked. The bones, stored in dozens of plastic crates stacked in a storeroom at the house, are the best clue to how people who created Gobekli Tepe lived. Peters has identified tens of thousands of gazelle bones, which make up more than 60 percent of the total, plus those of other wild game such as boar, sheep and red deer. He's also found bones of a dozen different bird species, including vultures, cranes, ducks and geese. "The first year, we went through 15,000 pieces of animal bone, all of them wild. It was pretty clear we were dealing with a hunter-gatherer site," Peters says. "It's been the same every year since." The abundant remnants of wild game indicate that the people who lived here had not yet domesticated animals or farmed.

But, Peters and Schmidt say, Gobekli Tepe's builders were on the verge of a major change in how they lived, thanks to an environment that held the raw materials for farming. "They had wild sheep, wild grains that could be domesticated—and the people with the potential to do it," Schmidt says. In fact, research at other sites in the region has shown that within 1,000 years of Gobekli Tepe's construction, settlers had corralled sheep, cattle and pigs. And, at a prehistoric village just 20 miles away, geneticists found evidence of the world's oldest domesticated strains of wheat; radiocarbon dating indicates agriculture developed there around 10,500 years ago, or just five centuries after Gobekli Tepe's construction.

Given the menacing nature of many Gobekli Tepe carvings (a snake), one expert suggests that hunters were trying to master their fears.

To Schmidt and others, these new findings suggest a novel theory of civilization. Scholars have long believed that only after people learned to farm and live in settled communities did they have the time, organization and resources to construct temples and support complicated social structures. But Schmidt argues it was the other way around: the extensive, coordinated effort to build the monoliths literally laid the groundwork for the development of complex societies.

The immensity of the undertaking at Gobekli Tepe reinforces that view. Schmidt says the monuments could not have been built by ragged bands of hunter-gatherers. To carve, erect and bury rings of seven-ton stone pillars would have required hundreds of workers, all needing to be fed and housed. Hence the eventual emergence of settled communities in the area around 10,000 years ago. "This shows sociocultural changes come first, agriculture comes later," says Stanford University archaeologist Ian Hodder, who excavated Catalhoyuk, a prehistoric settlement 300 miles from Gobekli Tepe. "You can make a good case this area is the real origin of complex Neolithic societies."

WHAT WAS SO IMPORTANT to these early people that they gathered to build (and bury) the stone rings? The gulf that separates us from Gobekli Tepe's builders is almost unimaginable. Indeed, though I stood among the looming

ALL PHOTOS: BERTHOLD STEINHILBER / BILDERBERG; P. 57 MAP: GUILBERT GATES

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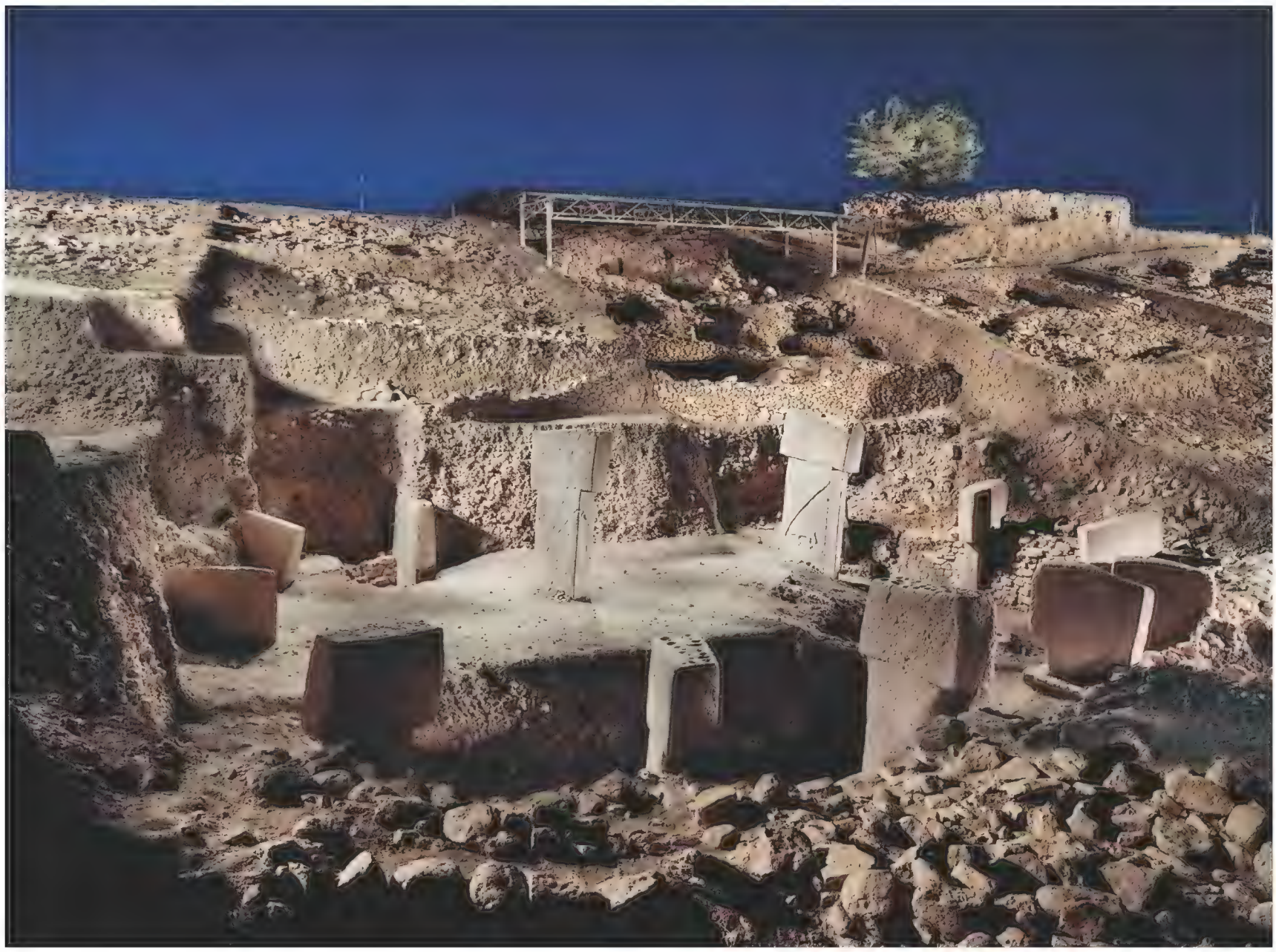
megaliths eager to take in their meaning, they didn't speak to me. They were utterly foreign, placed there by people who saw the world in a way I will never comprehend. There are no sources to explain what the symbols might mean. Schmidt agrees. "We're 6,000 years before the invention of writing here," he says.

"There's more time between Gobekli Tepe and the Sumerian clay tablets [etched in 3300 B.C.] than from Sumer to today," says Gary Rollefson, an archaeologist at Whitman College in Walla Walla, Washington, who is familiar with Schmidt's work. "Trying to pick out symbolism from prehistoric context is an exercise in futility."

Still, archaeologists have their theories—evidence, perhaps, of the irresistible human urge to explain the unexplainable. The surprising lack of evidence that people lived right there, researchers say, argues against its use as a settlement or even a place where, for instance, clan leaders gathered. Hodder is fascinated that Gobekli Tepe's pillar carvings are dominated not by edible prey like deer and cattle but by menacing creatures such as lions, spiders, snakes and scorpions. "It's a scary, fantastic world of nasty-looking beasts," he muses. While later cultures were more concerned with farming and fertility, he suggests, perhaps these hunters were trying to master their fears by building this complex, which is a good distance from where they lived.

Danielle Stordeur, an archaeologist at the National Center for Scientific Research in France, emphasizes the significance of the vulture carvings. Some cultures have long believed the high-flying carrion birds transported the flesh of the dead up to the heavens. Stordeur has found similar symbols at sites from the same era as Gobekli Tepe just 50 miles away in Syria. "You can really see it's the same culture," she says. "All the most important symbols are the same."

For his part, Schmidt is certain the secret is right beneath his feet. Over the years, his team has found fragments of human bone in the layers of dirt that filled the complex. Deep test pits have shown that the floors of the rings are made of hardened limestone. Schmidt is betting that beneath the floors he'll find the structures' true purpose: a final resting place for a society of hunters.



Prehistoric masons built the ringed monuments atop one another and buried them, forming a hill. But why?

Perhaps, Schmidt says, the site was a burial ground or the center of a death cult, the dead laid out on the hillside among the stylized gods and spirits of the afterlife. If so, Gobekli Tepe's location was no accident. "From here the dead are looking out at the ideal view," Schmidt says as the sun casts long shadows over the half-buried pillars. "They're looking out over a hunter's dream."

See more images of Gobekli Tepe at Smithsonian.com/gobekli

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REPORTER JOHN RICH'S COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS, SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME AFTER MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY, OFFER A VIVID GLIMPSE OF THE "FORGOTTEN" CONFLICT

BY ABIGAIL TUCKER

ONE MAN'S KOR

EAN WAR

ON THE JUNE MORNING in 1950 when war broke out in Korea, John Rich was ensconced in what he calls a "correspondents villa" in coastal Japan, anticipating a long soak in a wooden tub with steam curling off the surface and a fire underneath. Rich's editor at the International News Service had other plans. "Get your fanny back to Tokyo!" he bellowed over the phone. Days later, the 32-year-old reporter was on a landing ship loaded with artillery and bound for Pusan, Korea.

Along with notebooks and summer clothes, Rich carried some Kodachrome film and his new camera, a keepsake from a recent field trip to a Japanese lens factory led by the *Life* magazine photographer David Douglas Duncan. Rich, who was fluent in Japanese after a World War II stint as an interpreter with the Marines, had tagged along to translate. "It was a little company called Nikon," he recalls.

Over the next three years, between filing stories for the wire service and, later, radio and television dispatches for NBC News, Rich snapped close to 1,000 color photographs of wartime Korea. The pictures were meant to be souvenirs, nothing more. "I'd walk around and bang, bang, bang," says Rich, now 91, with hair like dandelion fluff. "If something looked

"I never thought anything would come of them," John Rich says of the some 1,000 personal photographs (left: children in Seoul in the winter of 1950-1951) that he made as a reporter during the war (below: in Seoul c. 1951).

good, I'd shoot away." He photographed from helicopters, on foot and from the rickety jeep he says he bartered for "four bottles of rotgut whiskey." He photographed prisoners of war on Geoje Island and British gunners preparing to fire on occupied Seoul. And he searched out scenes from ordinary life, capturing Korean children at play and women pounding laundry in a river. With color only a click away, Rich was drawn to radiant subjects: in his photographs, little girls wear yellow and fuchsia; purple eggplants gleam in the marketplace; guns spew orange flame.

He had no idea then that the pictures would constitute perhaps the most extensive collection of color photographs of the Korean War. Though Kodachrome had been around since the mid-1930s, World War II had slowed its spread, and photographers continued to favor black-and-white for its greater technical flexibility, not to mention marketability—the major periodicals had yet to publish in color. Duncan, Carl Mydans and other famous photojournalists working in Korea still used black-and-white film almost exclusively.

Rich bought film whenever he was on leave in Japan, and he sent pictures out for processing, but he barely glanced at the developed transparencies, which he tucked away for safekeeping. Rich's Nikon was stolen after the war, and he largely gave up taking photographs.

Then, about a decade ago, Rich, long retired to his birthplace of Cape Elizabeth, Maine, mentioned to a neighbor that he had color slides from the combat years in his attic in a Japanese tea chest. The neighbor, a photographer and Korean War buff, almost toppled over. Rich understood why when he started reviewing the pictures. The "Forgotten War" came back to him in a rush of emerald rice paddies and cyclones of gray smoke. "Those white hills, that blue, blue sea," he says. "I lay awake at night, reliving the war."

A few of the pictures surfaced in

ABIGAIL TUCKER, *the magazine's staff writer, last reported on the salmon crisis.*

See more of John Rich's Korea pictures at Smithsonian.com/korea

"She was really showing a lot of leg!" Rich recalls of the actress Betty Hutton's USO performance (left). His pictures also conjure up the wreckage of war (far left: a Korean boy on the remains of a Russian plane). The then-new Kodachrome film Rich used created intense reds, and some critics would later debate whether bloodshed should be documented in color. Rich himself rarely photographed the dead (below left: two bodies of Chinese soldiers south of Seoul in 1951). Below: While touring the Far East, U.S. Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson (in white) and Gen. Omar Bradley (at right) attended a military review in Tokyo with Gen. Douglas MacArthur (center) on June 19, 1950, days before North Korea invaded South Korea and started the war.

Rich's local newspaper, the *Portland Press Herald*, and in a South Korean paper after Rich visited the country in the late 1990s. And they were featured this past summer in "The Korean War in Living Color: Photographs and Recollections of a Reporter," an exhibition at the Korean Embassy in Washington, D.C. These pages mark their debut in a national publication.

The photographs have claimed a unique place in war photography, from the blurry daguerreotypes of the Mexi-

can-American War to Vietnam, when color images became more commonplace, to the digital works now coming out of the Middle East. Once a history confined to black-and-white suddenly materializes in color, it's always a bit startling, says Fred Ritchin, a New York University photography professor who studies conflict images: "When you see it in color you do a double take. Color makes it contemporary."

Rich, who covered the Korean War in its entirety, remembers two colors the most: the Windex blue of the ocean and sky, and the brown of sandbags, dusty roads and fields of ginseng. In his photographs, though, red seems the most vivid. It's the shade of Betty Hutton's pumps as she danced for the troops, and the diamonds on the argyle socks of the Scottish regiment that marched to bag-

JOHN RICH: CARL D. WALSH / AURORA PHOTOS

As heavily damaged Seoul (above) began to rebuild after the North Koreans fled in September 1950, residents tried to resume their daily lives (right: a civilian with a walking stick and possible opium pipe). Rich (above left: at home in Maine this past August) only recently rediscovered his slides, perhaps the largest collection of color photographs from the conflict (left: marines outside Pusan relax before battle). "I didn't know I was the only guy taking them for three years," says the retired reporter. His lasting impression? "I remember the beauty. Korea was a very beautiful country."

pipes squealing "Highland Laddie" (a memory Rich invariably relates with liberal rolling of r's). Photographers, in fact, long revered Kodachrome for its vibrant crimsons and garnets. And yet, during Vietnam, these reds also led some critics to argue that war should not be photographed in color. "We hadn't seen the injured in red before," says Anne Tucker, curator of photography at Houston's Museum of Fine Arts, which is planning an exhibition of war images. To be sure, Rich's collection does not dwell on death, though it includes a picture taken south of Seoul in the spring of 1951 of two fallen Chinese soldiers and a scarlet splash on the ground.

Wearing pressed charcoal pants and house slippers, Rich shuffles industriously around his seaside cottage, where even the windowsills are stacked with figurines and carvings collected during a reporter's well-traveled life. Working mostly for NBC News, he covered Vietnam and many of the major conflicts of the 20th century—including, remarkably, the first Gulf War, when he was in his 70s and armed with shaky credentials from a weekly newspaper in Maine. (He says he briefly contemplated shipping out to the latest Iraq conflict.) The son of a postman and a homemaker, he played tennis with future Japanese Emperor Akihito, traveled to China with Richard Nixon and lived beside barbed wire in a partitioned Berlin. Three of his four children live in Asia (the other is a U.S. magistrate in Portland), and his wife, Doris Lee (whom he met in Korea and calls his "Seoul mate"), is never far from his side.

He has returned to his photographs because his eyesight is going. Glaucoma makes even reading the newspaper difficult and, especially when he wears the dark sunglasses he's prescribed, dims the goldenrod bouncing outside his door.

Riffling through piles of prints, Rich pulls out one of a South Korean soldier with pink flowers lashed to his helmet. "This is when spring came to Korea," he explains. The bright blossoms don't look like camouflage: the young man must have wanted to be seen. And now, finally, he is.

BANNER

DAYS

The flag that Francis Scott Key saw flying over Fort McHenry was loved almost to death. Now, after a decade's conservation, the Star-Spangled Banner returns to its place of honor on the National Mall

BY ROBERT M. POOLE

Long before it flew to the moon, waved over the White House or was folded into tight triangles at Arlington National Cemetery; before it sparked fiery Congressional debates, reached the North Pole or the summit of Mount Everest; before it became a lapel fixture, testified to the Marines' possession of Iwo Jima, or fluttered over front porches, firetrucks and construction cranes; before it inspired a national anthem or recruiting posters for two world wars, the American ensign was just a flag.

"There was nothing special about it," says Scott S. Sheads, historian at Baltimore's Fort McHenry National Monument and Historic Shrine, speaking of a time when a new nation was struggling for survival and groping toward a collective identity. That all changed in 1813, when one enormous flag, pieced together on the floor of a Baltimore brewery, was first hoisted over the federal garrison at Fort McHenry. In time the banner would take on larger meaning, set on a path to glory by a young lawyer named Francis Scott Key, passing into one family's private possession and emerging as a public treasure.

Succeeding generations loved and honored the Stars and Stripes, but this flag in particular provided a unique connection to the national narrative. Once it was moved to the Smithsonian Institution in 1907, it remained on almost continuous display. After almost 200 years of service, the flag had slowly deteriorated almost to the point of no return. Removed from exhibit in 1998 for a conservation project that cost about $7 million, the Star-Spangled Banner, as it had become known, returns to center stage this month with the reopening of the renovated National Museum of American History on the National Mall in Washington, D.C.

Its long journey from obscurity began on a blazing July day in 1813, when Mary Pickersgill, a hardworking widow known as one of the best flag makers in Baltimore, received a rush order from Maj. George Armistead. Newly installed as commander of Fort McHenry, the 33-year-old officer wanted an enormous banner, 30 by 42 feet, to be flown over the federal garrison guarding the entrance to Baltimore's waterfront.

There was some urgency to Armistead's request. The United States had declared war in June 1812 to settle its disputed northern and western

PROOF THROUGH THE YEARS

After almost two centuries, the flag's frail state became plain (left: a composite photograph released in 2004). The icon's new high-tech home will protect it from exposure to bright light, humidity and ambient pollution.

borders and stop the British from impressing American seamen; the British, annoyed by American privateering against their merchant ships, readily took up the challenge. As the summer of 1813 unfolded, the enemies were trading blows across the Canadian border. Then British war vessels appeared in the Chesapeake Bay, menacing shipping, destroying local batteries and burning buildings up and down the estuary. As Baltimore prepared for war, Armistead ordered his big new flag—one the British would be able to see from miles away. It would signal that the fort was occupied and prepared to defend the harbor.

Pickersgill got right to work. With her daughter Caroline and others, she wrestled more than 300 yards of English worsted wool bunting to the floor of Claggett's brewery, the only space in her East Baltimore neighborhood large enough to accommodate the project, and started measuring, snipping and fitting.

To make the flag's stripes, she overlapped and stitched eight strips of red wool and alternated them with seven strips of undyed white wool. While the bunting was manufactured in 18-inch widths, the stripes in her design were each two feet wide, so she had to splice in an extra six inches all the way across. She did it so smoothly that the completed product would look like a finished whole—and not like the massive patchwork it was. A rectangle of deep blue, about 16 by 21 feet, formed the flag's canton, or upper left quarter. Sitting on the brewery floor, she stitched a scattering of five-pointed stars into the canton. Each one, fashioned from white cotton, was almost two feet across. Then she turned the flag over and snipped out blue material from the backs of the stars, tightly binding the edges; this made the stars visible from either side.

"My mother worked many nights until 12 o'clock to complete it in the given time," Caroline Pickersgill Purdy recalled years later. By mid-August, the work was done—a supersize version of the Stars and Stripes. Unlike the 13-star ensign first authorized by Congress on June 14, 1777, this one had 15 stars to go with the 15 stripes, acknowledging the Union's latest additions, Vermont and Kentucky.

Mary Pickersgill delivered the finished flag on August 19, 1813, along with a junior version. The smaller flag, 17 by 25 feet, was to be flown in inclement weather, saving wear and tear on the more expensive one, not to mention the men who hoisted the unwieldy monster up the flagpole.

The government paid $405.90 for the big flag, $168.54 for the storm version (roughly $5,500 and $2,300, respectively, in today's currency). For a widow who had to make her own way, Pickersgill lived well, eventually buying a brick house on East Pratt Street, supporting her mother and daughter there and furnishing the place with luxuries such as floor coverings of painted sailcloth.

"Baltimore was a very good place to have a flag business," says Jean Ehmann, a guide who shows visitors around the Pickersgill house, now a National Historic Landmark known as the Star-Spangled Banner Flag House. "Ships were coming and going from around the world. All of them needed flags—company flags, signal flags, country flags."

There is no record of when Armistead's men first raised their new colors over Fort McHenry, but they likely did so as soon as Pickersgill delivered them: a sizable British flotilla had just appeared on Baltimore's doorstep, sailing into the mouth of the Patapsco River on August 8. The city braced itself, but after the enemies eyed each other for several days, the British weighed anchor and melted into the haze. They had surveyed the region's sketchy defenses and concluded that Washington, Baltimore and environs would be ripe for attack when springtime opened a new season of war in 1814.

THAT SEASON LOOKED LIKE A DISASTER in the making for the Americans. When summer arrived in Canada, so did 14,000 British combatants ready to invade the United States across Lake Champlain. On the Chesapeake, 50 British warships under Vice Adm. Sir Alexander Cochrane headed for Washington, where, in August 1814, the invaders burned the presidential mansion, the Capitol and other public buildings. The British then headed for Baltimore, in part to punish the city's privateers, who had captured or burned 500 British ships since hostilities erupted two years before.

THE WIDOW AND THE MAJOR

Mary Pickersgill (above left) made a good living as one of Baltimore's best-known flag makers (above right: her house in East Baltimore, now a museum). In July 1813, Maj. George Armistead (below) asked her to make a large flag—30 by 42 feet—for Fort McHenry, which he commanded. The war with Britain was intensifying, and he wanted enemy vessels to see the fort was occupied.

ROBERT M. POOLE *is the magazine's contributing editor. He last wrote about Winslow Homer's watercolors, in the May issue.*

PICKERSGILL RETIREMENT COMMUNITY; JUPITER IMAGES; MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY; PP. 68-69 SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

After maneuvering their ships into position and testing the range of their guns, the British opened the main assault on Baltimore on September 13. Five bomb ships led the way, lobbing 190-pound shells into Fort McHenry and unleashing rockets with exploding warheads. The fort answered—but with little effect. "We immediately opened Our Batteries and Kept up a brisk fire from Our Guns and Mortars," Major Armistead reported, "but unfortunately our Shot and Shells all fell considerably Short." The British kept up a thunderous barrage throughout the 13th and into the predawn hours of the 14th.

During the 25-hour battle, says historian Sheads, the British unleashed about 133 tons of shells, raining bombs and rockets on the fort at the rate of one projectile per minute. The thunder they produced shook Baltimore to its foundations and was heard as far away as Philadelphia. Hugging walls and taking the hits wore on the defenders. "We were like pigeons tied by the legs to be shot at," recalled Judge Joseph H. Nicholson, an artillery commander within the fort. Capt. Frederick Evans looked up to see a shell the size of a flour barrel screaming toward him. It failed to explode. Evans noticed handwritten on its side: "A present from the King of England."

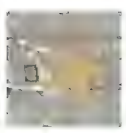
Despite the din and the occasional hits, the Americans sustained few casualties—four out of a thousand were killed, 24 wounded—as the fort's aggressive gunnery kept the British at arm's length.

THE LAWYER-POET **After Francis Scott Key (standing at the rail, in a c. 1914 illustration) saw the shelling of Fort McHenry from a truce ship, he wrote an ode to the "star-spangled banner." An English pub song provided the tune.**

After a furious thunderstorm broke over Baltimore about 2 p.m. on September 13, the storm flag was likely hoisted in place of its larger sibling, although official descriptions of the battle mention neither. After all, says Sheads, it was "just an ordinary garrison flag."

High winds and rain lashed the city throughout the night, as did the man-made storm of iron and sulfur. Fort McHenry's fate remained undecided until the skies cleared on September 14 and a low-slanting sun revealed that the battered garrison still stood, guns at the ready. Admiral Cochrane called a halt to the barrage about 7 a.m., and silence fell over the Patapsco River. By 9 a.m. the British were filling their sails, swinging into the current and heading downriver. "As the last vessel spread her canvas," wrote Midshipman Richard J. Barrett of HMS *Hebrus*, "the Americans hoisted a most superb and splendid ensign on their battery, and fired at the same time a gun of defiance."

Major Armistead was absent from celebrations inside the fort that day. Brought low by what he later described as "great fatigue and exposure," he remained in bed for almost two weeks, unable to command the fort or to write his official account of the battle. When he finally filed a 1,000-word report on September 24, he made no mention of the flag—now the one thing most people associate with Fort McHenry's ordeal.



"We were like pigeons tied by the legs to be shot at," recalled one of Fort McHenry's defenders.

THE REASON THEY DO, OF COURSE, is Francis Scott Key. The young lawyer and poet had watched the bombardment from the *President*, an American truce ship the British had held throughout the battle after he negotiated the release of

BETTMANN / CORBIS; SMITHSONIAN INSTITUION

an American hostage. On the morning of September 14, Key had also seen what Midshipman Barrett described—the American colors unfurling over the fort, the British ships stealing away—and Key knew what it meant: threatened by the most powerful empire on earth, the city had survived the onslaught. The young nation might even survive the war.

HEIRS TO THE FLAG **Maj. Armistead's daughter, Georgiana Appleton (far left), lent the flag out for ceremonies. Her son Eben Appleton kept it in a bank vault before transferring it to the Smithsonian Institution in 1907.**

Rather than return to his home outside Washington, D.C., Key checked into a Baltimore hotel that evening and finished a long poem about the battle, with its "rockets' red glare" and "bombs bursting in air." He conveyed the elation he felt at seeing what was probably Mrs. Pickersgill's big flag flying that morning. Fortunately for posterity, he did not call it Mrs. Pickersgill's flag, but referred to a "star-spangled banner." Key wrote quickly that night—in part because he already had a tune in his head, a popular English drinking song called "To Anacreon in Heaven," which fit the meter of his lines perfectly; in part because he lifted a few phrases from a poem he had composed in 1805.

The next morning, Key shared his new work with his wife's brother-in-law Joseph Nicholson, the artillery commander who had been inside Fort McHenry throughout the battle. Although it is almost certain that the flag Key glimpsed at the twilight's last gleaming was not the one he saw by the dawn's early light, Nicholson did not quibble—Key was, after all, a poet, not a reporter. Nicholson was enthusiastic. Less than a week later, on September 20, 1814, the *Baltimore Patriot & Evening Advertiser* published Key's poem, then titled "Defence of Fort M'Henry." It would be reprinted in at least 17 papers around the country that fall.

That November, Thomas Carr of Baltimore united lyrics and song in sheet music, under the title "The Star-Spangled Banner: A Patriotic Song."

AGING ENSIGN **By 1873, when the banner was hung from a third-story window at the Boston Navy Yard, the great rectangle had been squared off. Some of the trimmings patched holes in the flag; others served as souvenirs.**

Key's timing could not have been better. Washington was in ruins, but the war's tide was turning. On September 11, as Baltimore prepared to meet Admiral Cochrane's assault, Americans trounced a British squadron on Lake Champlain, blocking its invasion from Canada. With Britain's defeat in New Orleans the following January, the War of 1812 was effectively over.

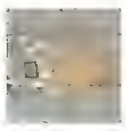
Having won independence a second time, the nation breathed a collective sigh of relief. As gratitude mixed with an outpouring of patriotism, Key's song and the flag it celebrated became symbols of the victory. "For the first time, someone put into words what the flag meant to the country," says Sheads. "That is the birth of what we recognize today as a national icon."

MAJOR ARMISTEAD, showered with honors for his performance at Fort McHenry, had little time to enjoy his new fame. Although he continued to suffer bouts of fatigue, he remained on active duty. At some point the big flag left the fort and was taken to his home in Baltimore. There is no record that it—officially government property—was ever transferred to him. "That is the big

CHRISTOPHER HUGHES MORTON (2); AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY, WORCESTER, MA

question," says Sheads. "How did he end up with the flag? There is no receipt." Perhaps the banner was so tattered from use that it was no longer considered fit for service—a fate it shared with Armistead. Just four years after his triumph, he died of unknown causes. He was 38.

The big banner passed to his widow, Louisa Hughes Armistead, and became known as her "precious relic" in the local press. She apparently kept it within the Baltimore city limits



So how did Major Armistead end up with the banner? "There is no receipt," a historian says.

but lent it out for at least five patriotic celebrations, thereby helping to lift a locally revered artifact into the national consciousness. On the most memorable of those occasions, the flag was displayed at Fort McHenry with George Washington's campaign tent and other patriotic memorabilia when Revolutionary War hero the Marquis de Lafayette visited in October 1824. When Louisa Armistead died in 1861, she left the flag to her daughter, Georgiana Armistead Appleton, just as a new war broke out. That conflict, the bloodiest in America's history, brought new attention to the flag, which became a symbol of the momentous struggle between North and South.

The *New York Times*, reacting to the Confederate attack on Fort Sumter in April 1861, railed against traitors who fired upon the Stars and Stripes, which "shall yet wave over Richmond and Charleston, and Mobile and New Orleans." *Harper's Weekly* called the American flag "the symbol of the Government. . . . The rebels know that, as surely as the sun rises, the honor of the country's flag will presently be vindicated."

In Baltimore, a Union city seething with Confederate sympathizers, Major Armistead's grandson and namesake, George Armistead Appleton, was arrested attempting to join the rebellion. He was imprisoned in Fort McHenry. His mother, Georgiana Armistead Appleton, found herself in the ironic position of decrying her son's arrest and pulling for the South, while clinging to the Star-Spangled Banner, by then the North's most potent icon. She had been entrusted to protect it, she said, "and a jealous and perhaps selfish love made me guard my treasure with watchful care." She kept the famous flag locked away, probably at her home in Baltimore, until the Civil War ran its course.

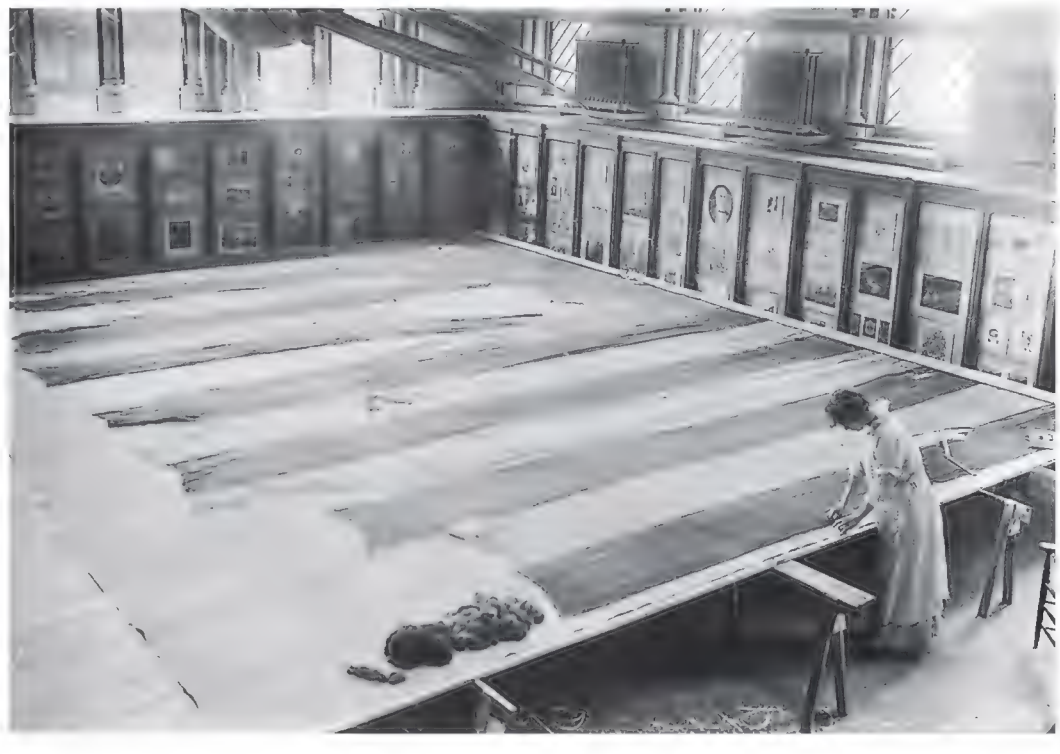
Like other Armisteads, Georgiana Appleton found the flag both a source of pride and a burden. As often happens in families, her inheritance generated hard feelings within the clan. Her brother, Christopher Hughes Armistead, a tobacco merchant, thought the flag should have come to him and exchanged angry words with his sister over it. With evident satisfaction, she recalled that he was "forced to give it up to me and with me it has remained ever since, loved and venerated." As the siblings squabbled, Christopher's wife expressed relief that the flag was not theirs: "More battles have been fought over that flag than were ever fought under it, and I, for one, am glad to be rid of it!" she reportedly said.

WITH THE END OF THE CIVIL WAR and the approach of the nation's centennial in 1876, Georgiana Appleton was pressed by visitors who wanted to see the flag and by patriots wishing to borrow it for ceremonies. She obliged as many of them as she thought reasonable, even allowing some to snip fragments from the banner as souvenirs. Just how many became obvious in 1873, when the flag was photographed for the first time, hanging from a third-floor window at the Boston Navy Yard.

It was a sad sight. Red stripes had split from their seams, drooping away from white ones; much of the bunting appeared to be threadbare; the banner was riddled with holes, from wear and tear, insect damage—and perhaps combat; a star was gone from the canton. The rectangular flag that Mary Pickersgill had delivered to Fort McHenry was now almost square, having lost about eight feet of material.

"Flags have a hard life," says Suzanne Thomassen-Krauss, chief conservator of the Star-Spangled Banner Project at the National Museum of American History. "The amount of wind damage that happens in a very short time is a major culprit in the deterioration of flags."

SUPPORT SYSTEM **In 1914, a restorer was commissioned to strengthen the banner; some 1.7 million stitches later, it had a linen backing (below). In 1931, the ode the flag had inspired officially became the national anthem.**



SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION; BETTMANN / CORBIS

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER PRESERVATION PROJECT IS FUNDED PUBLICLY AND PRIVATELY, WITH MAJOR SUPPORT FROM POLO RALPH LAUREN, THE PEW CHARITABLE TRUSTS, AMERICAN EXPRESS HISTORIC PRESERVATION FUND AND SAVE AMERICA'S TREASURES.

STITCHES IN TIME

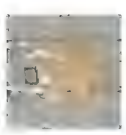
After almost two centuries of service, the banner was showing signs of deterioration; an extensive conservation effort began in 1998. Among the steps taken were the stitch-by-stitch removal of the 84-year-old linen backing (left and top) and a vacuuming (above), done by conservators lying on a gantry to keep their weight off the flag.

Thomassen-Krauss suggests that this banner's fly end, the part that flies free, was probably in tatters when the Armistead family took possession of it. By the time it reached Boston for its 1873 photo op, the ragged end had been trimmed and bound with thread to contain further deterioration. According to Thomassen-Krauss, fly end remnants were likely used to patch more than 30 other parts of the flag. Other trimmings were probably the source for most of the souvenirs the Armisteads handed out.

"Pieces of the flag have occasionally been given to those who [were] deemed to have a right to such a memento," Georgiana Appleton acknowledged in 1873. "Indeed, had we given all that we had been importuned for, little would be left to show." Contrary to widespread belief, the flag's missing star was taken out not by shrapnel or rocket fire, but most likely by scissors. It was "cut out for some official person," Georgiana wrote, though she never named the recipient.

The 1873 photograph reveals another telling detail: the presence of a prominent red chevron stitched into the sixth stripe from the bottom. The voluble Georgiana Appleton never explained it. But historians have suggested it might have been a monogram—in the form of the letter "A" from which the cross-bar has been dropped or was never pieced in, placed there to signify the Armisteads' strong sense of ownership.

That familial pride burned bright in Georgiana Appleton, who fretted over the banner's well-being even as she lent it out, snipped pieces from it and grew old along with a family relic that had come into being only four years before she did. She lamented that it was "just fading away." So was she. When she died at age 60 in 1878, she left the flag to a son, Eben Appleton.



"We really want this to be the last time it's handled," the curator says. "It's getting too fragile."

LIKE FAMILY MEMBERS BEFORE HIM, Eben Appleton—33 at the time he took possession of the flag—felt a keen responsibility to safeguard what, by then, had become a national treasure, much in demand for patriotic celebrations. Aware of its fragile state, he was reluctant to part with it. Indeed, it would appear that he lent it out only once, when the flag made its last public appearance of the 19th century, appropriately enough in Baltimore.

The occasion was the city's sesquicentennial, celebrat-

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION (4)

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ed October 13, 1880. The parade that day included nine men in top hats and black suits—the last of those who had fought under the banner in 1814. The flag itself, bundled into the lap of a local historian named William W. Carter, rode in a carriage, drawing cheers, a newspaper reported, "as the tattered old relic was seen by the crowds." When the festivities ended, Appleton packed it up and returned to his home in New York City.

There he continued to field requests from civic leaders and patriotic groups, who grew exasperated when he turned them down. When a committee of Baltimoreans publicly questioned whether the Armisteads legally owned the banner, Appleton was infuriated. He locked it in a bank vault, declined to disclose its location, kept his address secret and refused to discuss the flag with anyone, "having been much annoyed about his heirloom all his life," according to a sister.

"People were banging on his door, bothering him all the time to borrow the flag," says Anna Van Lunz, curator at the Fort McHenry historical monument. "He became kind of a recluse."

Eben Appleton shipped the flag to Washington in July 1907, relieved to entrust his family's inheritance—and its attendant responsibility—to the Smithsonian Institution. Initially a loan, Appleton made the transaction permanent in 1912.
At that point, his family's flag became the nation's.

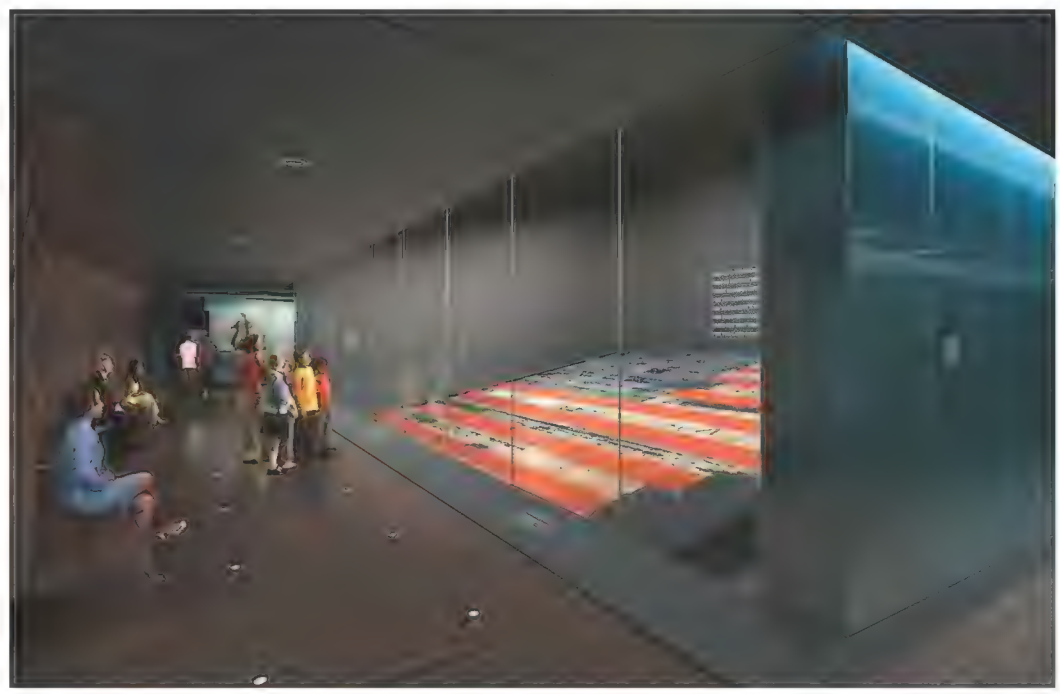
THE SMITHSONIAN HAS KEPT THE FLAG on almost continuous public view even while fretting about its condition. "This sacred relic is but a frail piece of bunting, worn, frayed, pierced and largely in tatters," Assistant Secretary Richard Rathbun said in 1913.

In 1914, the Institution engaged restorer Amelia Fowler to shore up its most prized possession. Commandeering space in the Smithsonian Castle, she set ten needle-women to work removing the heavy canvas backing that had been attached to the flag in 1873 and, with some 1.7 million stitches, painstakingly attaching a new backing of Irish linen. Her work kept the flag from falling apart for nearly a century, as it was displayed in the Arts and Industries Building until 1964, then in the Museum of History and Technology, later renamed the National Museum of American History.

The song the banner inspired had become a regular feature at ballgames and patriotic events by the early 20th century. Around the same time, veterans groups launched a campaign to have Key's composition formally designated as the national anthem. By 1930, five million citizens had signed a petition in support of the idea, and after veterans recruited a pair of sopranos to sing the song before the House Judiciary Committee, Congress adopted "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the national anthem the next year.

When war threatened Washington in 1942, Smithsonian officials quietly whisked the flag and other treasures to a warehouse in Luray, Virginia, to protect them. Returned to the capital in 1944, the flag provided a backdrop for inaugural balls, presidential speeches and countless public events. But constant exposure to light and ambient pollution took their toll, and the flag was removed from exhibit in the National Museum of American History in 1998 for a thorough conservation treatment, aimed at extending the flag's life for another century.

GOING PUBLIC **The new exhibition space is a pressurized chamber at the National Museum of American History (below: a computer rendering), where visitors will get to see a side of the banner that has been covered since 1873.**



Conservators cleaned it with a solution of water and acetone, removing contaminants and reducing acidity in the fabric. During a delicate operation that took 18 months, they removed Amelia Fowler's linen backing. Then they attached—to the other side of the flag—a new backing made of a sheer polyester fabric called Stabiltex. As a result, visitors will see a side of the flag that had been hidden from view since 1873.

These high-tech attentions have stabilized the flag and prepared it for a new display room at the heart of the renovated museum. (See Around the Mall, p. 27.) There the flag that began life on a brewery floor is sealed in a pressurized chamber. Monitored by sensors, shielded by glass, guarded by a waterless fire-suppression system and soothed by temperature and humidity controls, it lies on a custom-built table that allows conservators to care for it without having to move it. "We really want this to be the last time it's handled," says Thomassen-Krauss. "It's getting too fragile for moving and handling."

So the old flag survives, bathed in dim light, floating out of the darkness, just as it did on that uncertain morning at Fort McHenry.

Watch a re-enactment of the Battle of Baltimore at Smithsonian.com/flag

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MUNICH AT

THE HOFBRÄUKELLER BEER GARDEN IN THE MUNICH borough of Haidhausen was filled to capacity. Perhaps a thousand people, most in their 20s and 30s, sat shoulder to shoulder at long tables, quaffing liters of beer, munching on fat pretzels and maintaining a steady roar of bonhomie. It was a poster-perfect moment in a city that has long advertised itself as a citadel of good fellowship fueled by unending quantities of the world's best beer. But it was also a scene that would not have looked precisely like this just a few years ago. Almost to a person, the beer drinkers were wearing their national colors—red, yellow and black—in support of the German soccer team's chances against Turkey in the semifinals of the 2008 Euro Cup in Switzerland.

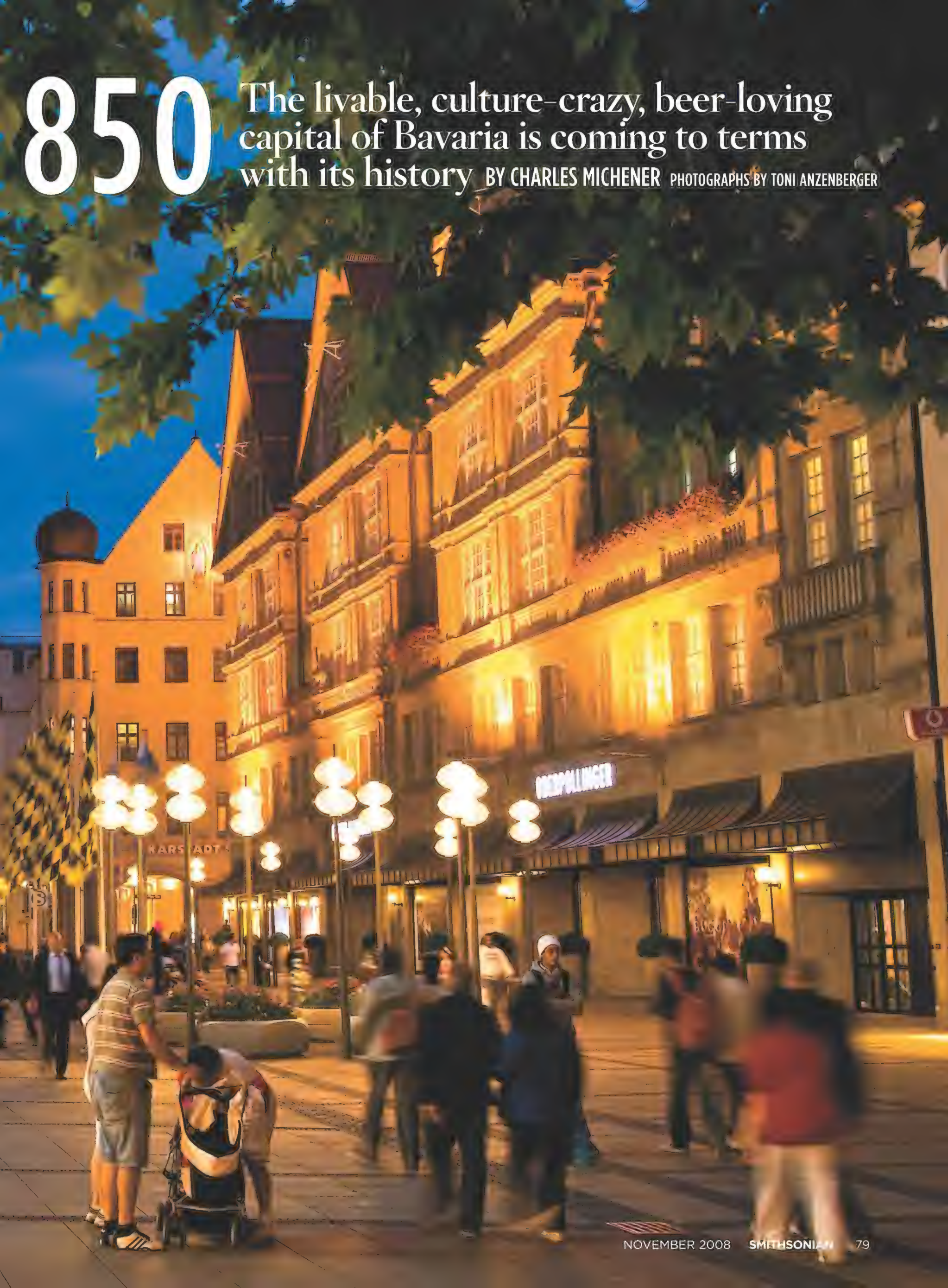
Under a canopy of chestnut trees, TV screens had been set up to show the match. With the playing of the German national anthem, many in the garden stood and, to Haydn's imperial melody, sang, "*Einigkeit und Recht und Freiheit/ Für das deutsche Vaterland!*" ("Unity and justice and freedom/ For the German fatherland!"). Absent was the notorious phrase "*Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles!*" ("Germany, Germany above all!"), which the Nazis exploited into a boast

THE MEDIEVAL WALL that once protected the city was long ago replaced by a road, creating a pedestrian-friendly urban center. One of the remaining gates (rear) frames an entry to Neuhauser Strasse in Altstadt, or Old Town.

850

The livable, culture-crazy, beer-loving capital of Bavaria is coming to terms with its history

BY CHARLES MICHENER PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONI ANZENBERGER



of German superiority and which was dropped from the anthem after the war. "Until two years ago when Germany hosted the World Cup finals," said a young man next to me, "this display of patriotism would have been unthinkable. We would have been too embarrassed."

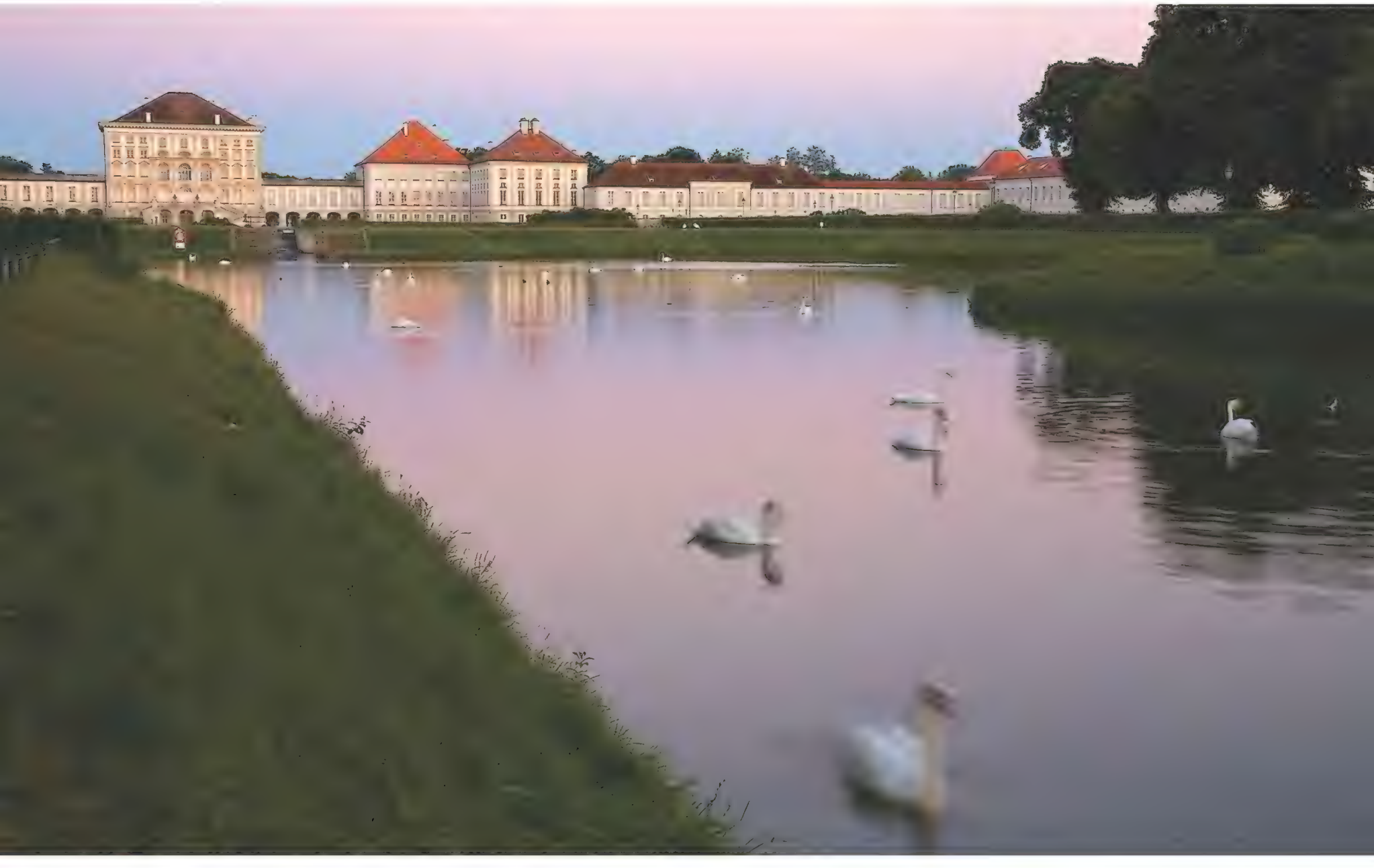
It has taken more than half a century for Munich, which this year marks its 850th anniversary, to restore national pride to its considerable array of things to be proud of. Germany's third-largest city (after Berlin and Hamburg) and the capital of the state of Bavaria, Munich has long prided itself on easygoing sophistication and love of hearty pleasures—while standing distinctly apart. In Thomas Wolfe's novel *The Web and the Rock*, the narrator observes, Munich "is a kind of German heaven. . . . a great Germanic dream translated into life. . . . In other parts of Germany, people will lift their eyes and sigh rapturously when you say you are going to Munich: '*Ach! München . . . ist schön!*'" (*Schön* means handsome, beautiful and nice.)

Novelist Thomas Mann, who lived in Munich before fleeing to America after Hitler came to power, began his short story "Gladius Dei" with what is perhaps the most famous description of the city's charms: "Munich was resplendent. A shining vault of silky blue sky stood above the festive squares, the white colonnades, the classicistic monuments and baroque churches, the leaping fountains, palaces and parks of the capital city, and its broad bright vistas, tree-lined and beautifully proportioned, basked in the shimmering haze of a fine early June day."

As often happens in a Mann story, the mood soon darkens—in this case with the appearance of a fanatical reformer who resolves to destroy the city's luxuries in a great bonfire. Published in 1902, the story uncannily foreshadows developments that were to make the name Munich synonymous with some of the direst events of the 20th century: the birth of Nazism; the British, French and Italian appeasement of Hitler in 1938; the massacre of 11 Israeli athletes by Palestinian terrorists at the 1972 Olympics. As I joined in the cheering for Germany's eventual victory over Turkey, I reminded myself that it was in this very Hofbräukeller in 1919 that Hitler gave his first public political speech.

Munich suffered extensive damage during World War II—Allied air raids struck the city 71 times. After the war, it was meticulously rebuilt to look as much as possible as it did

NYMPHENBURG PALACE (below), built between 1664 and 1758, was the summer residence of the Wittelsbach family, who ruled Bavaria and Munich nearly eight centuries. In Odeonsplatz (opposite top), Ludwig I, King of Bavaria from 1825 to 1848, still reigns. "Munich has always had a sense of itself as a special city," says the City Museum's Thomas Weidner (opposite).



It is a "great Germanic dream translated into life. . . ," Thomas Wolfe wrote. "In other parts of Germany, people will lift their eyes and sigh rapturously when you say you are going to Munich. . . . "

before 1940. In the process, the city fathers demolished or masked many buildings related to the Third Reich. *Hitler's Munich*, a grim travel guide by businessman turned writer Joachim von Halasz, identifies 35 that still survive, many vital to Hitler's rise and reign but now used for benign purposes. They include Munich's top tourist attraction, the world-famous Hofbräuhaus beer hall; the city's oldest grand hotel, the Vier Jahreszeiten Kempinski; and the banqueting salon in the Altes Rathaus (Old Town Hall), where Joseph Goebbels orchestrated Kristallnacht (Night of Broken Glass), during which thousands of Jewish-owned businesses, homes and synagogues throughout Germany were vandalized or destroyed, approximately 100 Jews were killed and some 30,000 others were sent to concentration camps, many going to Dachau, just outside Munich.

In recent years, Munich has consistently been rated among the world's most livable cities, thanks to its seamless blending of the modern with the medieval, the spaciousness of its public gardens and avenues, its standing as Germany's most prosperous city, its world-class cultural attractions, its superb public transportation and its manageable population of 1.3 million. Munich is one of those rare major cities that feel cozy. Germans call it "Millionendorf"—"village of a million people."

Munich also enjoys a reputation as one of Europe's safest cities. Walking from the beer garden back to my hotel near midnight, I crossed the Isar River, with its rushing water and lush, green banks, strolled along Maximilianstrasse, past shops with such names as Cartier, Dior and Vuitton, and finally entered the maze of narrow streets in Altstadt (Old Town). Hearing the sound of my shoes on the pavement, I felt as though I had this beautiful town entirely to myself.

"Munich has always had a sense of itself as a special city," says Thomas Weidner, senior curator of the City Museum on St.-Jakobs-Platz. "We are apt to think of ourselves more as *Münchners* than as Bavarians." We were standing before

PP. 78-79, 80, 81 TONI ANZENBERGER / ANZENBERGER AGENCY (4)

MUNICH IS RENOWNED for its golden brews and beer halls (above: the Weisses Bräuhaus), which draw six million people a year to Oktoberfest, the world's biggest beer bash. Bavaria's capital is the third-largest but most prosperous city in Germany, a high-tech, financial and automotive hub.

the inscrutable figure of Henry the Lion, a member of the Welf dynasty and Duke of Bavaria and Saxony, who, it is generally thought, founded Munich in 1158 by tearing down an old bridge over the Isar and constructing a new one along the region's ancient salt-trade route. Nearby was a settlement of monks (*Mönche*), which, according to some accounts, gave the city its name. In 1180, Henry lost Bavaria to a rival ducal family—the Wittelsbachs. Their members ruled Bavaria for the next seven and a half centuries. In 1918, after Germany's humiliating defeat in World War I, a popular revolution led by Jewish socialist Kurt Eisner unseated the last Wittelsbach monarch, King Ludwig III, and Bavaria became a republic. Eisner was assassinated shortly after becoming the new republic's first prime minister; the resulting political instability proved to be fertile ground for the rise of Nazism.

Weidner said the museum had just completed a reorganization of its holdings so that an exhibition of the city's 850-year history could be displayed chronologically for the first time. As he guided me through four floors of displays, I began to appreciate how Munich was able to forge its remarkable self-esteem. Foremost was the Wittelsbachs' durability, which stamped the city with the successive rulers' personal tastes and gave it unusual continuity and stability. Also in evidence in the exhibitions was the city's long-standing adherence to the Roman Catholic faith, which has set it apart from its Protestant neighbors in the north and east of Germany. Above all, it was clear that for centuries the city fathers had shown an extraordinary willingness to adapt foreign influences to their own ends.

Munich's town plan has remained essentially unchanged since the late 1500s, when it consisted of four quadrants laid out on the grid of a cross—a scheme readily discernible in one of the museum's models illustrating the city's evolution from a poky market town to the most important urban center in southern Germany. I remarked on the exotic, onion-shaped domes (p. 85) that still crown the twin towers of the massive Gothic cathedral in the city's center, the Frauenkirche (Church of Our Lady), which was built in the late 15th century. The domes were added several decades later. "At first, the people hated those 'foreign' domes," said

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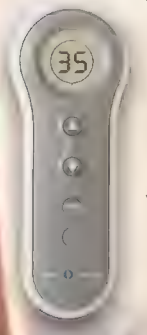

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Weidner, "but now they're prized as distinctively 'Munich.' Today, no building in the city can be higher than the Frauenkirche towers."

A model of 19th-century Munich showed wide boulevards lined with neo-Classical facades. "This is the influence of King Ludwig I," said Weidner. "In my opinion, he was determined to surpass the grandeur that Napoleon brought to Paris." Stopping before an alluring portrait of an exotic woman, Weidner told me she was Ludwig's mistress Lola Montez, a "Spanish" dancer and courtesan of Irish birth, whose tempestuous hold over the king led in part to his abdication in 1848.

In a heavily rural state that prides itself for upholding tradition, Munich is also notable for its adaptability. The city, which remained a walled Catholic stronghold in the 16th and 17th centuries after the Reformation, promoted a cult of the Virgin Mary (hence the name of the central square, Marienplatz). Yet in response to the German Enlightenment of the 18th century, the city fathers took down the surrounding medieval wall, leaving a few still-standing gates as evidence of the past while embracing the wider world.

Another example of Munich's openness is the city's great Englischer Garten (English Garden), one of the largest urban public parks in the world. It was designed in 1789 by Benjamin Thompson (later Count von Rumford), a polymath from Woburn, Massachusetts, who also brought the cultivation of potatoes to Bavaria, where he invented a double boiler, drip coffeepot, kitchen range and "Rumford Soup," a nutritious broth for the poor.

The City Museum's neighbor on St.-Jakobs-Platz is the new Jewish Center—three buildings housing a community center, a museum and a synagogue. By 1945, Munich's Jewish population had plummeted from more than 10,000 to 84. Since 1991, when Germany began officially welcoming Jewish refugees from the former Soviet Union, the number of Jews in the city has swelled to 9,585. The new Ohel Jakob synagogue, which opened in 2006, marks the visible return of Jewish life to the city center for the first time since 1938. Shortly before destroying the original Ohel Jakob synagogue during Kristallnacht that year, the Nazis had forced the city's Jews to tear down their own main synagogue on Herzog-Max-Strasse. The new complex is situated close to the great open-air Viktualienmarkt (food market), whose beer gardens and overflowing bins of vegetables, meat and fish bring residents together from dawn to dusk. As Charlotte Knobloch, a Holocaust survivor who spearheaded the building of the Jewish Center, noted, Munich has now restored to the city a place where "Jews and non-Jews [can] meet in the middle."

In a city whose love of the picturesque can overwhelm a visitor, I found the stark, monu-

"At first, the people hated those 'foreign' domes," says Thomas Weidner, "but now they're prized as distinctively 'Munich.' Today, no building in the city can be higher than the Frauenkirche towers."

IN WORLD WAR II, Allied bombs destroyed about half the buildings in Munich. The Frauenkirche's towers (above: c. 1945) still stand (top). Today's residents work to overcome the Nazi past (right: Hitler at a Munich beer hall in 1930, with Goering and Goebbels in front row).

TONI ANZENBERGER / ANZENBERGER AGENCY; ULLSTEIN BILD / GRANGER COLLECTION, NEW YORK; KEYSTONE / GETTY IMAGES

mental synagogue an inspiring statement. From an opaque base of Wailing Wall-like stone rises a glass cube enclosed in a protective bronze web—a suspended lantern that expresses the Bible's opening injunction, "Let there be light." Inside, the names of 4,500 Munich Jews murdered by the Nazis line a 105-foot-long "Corridor of Memory."

"For too long Munich's Jews, living and dead, did not have a place where they could be seen," Ellen Presser, the center's cultural director, told me. "Now it is here."

A short walk across town is the city's grandest building—the former palace of the Wittelsbachs, known simply as the Residenz. Despite its imposing Renaissance facade and size (a vast complex built around seven courtyards), it nestles comfortably amid the pedestrian-friendly streets and squares that constitute the city's commercial and historic hub. The spectacularly decorated rooms are open to the public and well worth seeing. But on this visit, I opted for the Wittelsbachs' suburban summer palace, Nymphenburg, a 20-minute tram ride from Marienplatz.

Begun in 1664 and greatly expanded over the next century, Schloss Nymphenburg (Nymphenburg Palace) rivals the Palace of Versailles for the majesty of its facade and decoration of its salons. The geometric layout of the gardens extends to an immense meadow and thickly wooded park that brings the sumptuous Bavarian countryside to the city's edge. The park contains what may be the most elegant fun house ever built—the diminutive Amalienburg hunting lodge, which Belgian architect François de Cuvilliés designed in the 18th century for Charles VII and his Austrian wife, Maria Amalia. As if the excitement of the royal hunt were not enough, Cuvilliés contrived a central room that is architecture as pure delirium—a fanciful Hall of Mirrors that is considered the epitome of the German Rococo style. As my eyes swam in the myriad reflections and dancing light created by the voluptuous mirrored and silvered surfaces, I imagined that Cuvilliés, a tiny man who first caught the attention of one of the Wittelsbachs as a court dwarf, might have been thumbing his nose at Louis XIV by making so much magic in a space a fraction the size of the Sun King's Hall of Mirrors at Versailles.

Cuvilliés is perhaps the star of Munich's 850th anniversary year. My visit coincided with the reopening of the city's most beloved theater—a Rococo opera house in the Residenz that the architect designed in the 1750s for Maximilian III Joseph. During the war, Allied bombs destroyed the shell of the old Cuvilliés-Theater. But much of its ornate interior was rescued before the bombing, and the theater was reconstructed in the 1950s. Four years ago, the Cuvilliés again closed for restoration and modernization—a project that eventually cost €25 million, or about $36 million. For the reopening in June 2008, the Bavarian State Opera staged a new production of Mozart's *Idomeneo*, which had its world première at the original Cuvilliés in 1781.

Court opera in the 18th century was an occasion to see and be seen, and with its 523-seat intimacy, rose-colored upholstery, lavishly gilded trim and softly sparkling chandeliers, the new Cuvilliés-Theater will make anyone in jeans and sneakers feel woefully out of place. Münchners take their opera very seriously, and the crowd for *Idomeneo* was dressed to the nines.

Several days later, I joined many of them again around the corner at the State Opera's principal venue, the National Theater, for a stirring performance of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, which had its world première in Munich in 1865. The opera began at 4 P.M. so there would be plenty of time for dinner between acts, dessert at the Spatenhaus an der Oper café and restaurant across the square when the performance ended at 10 P.M., and drinks at Schumann's bar on Odeonsplatz. Opera-

GERMANS CALL MUNICH "Millionendorf"—"village of a million people"—because of its intimacy. The central square, Marienplatz (below: the Fish Fountain and the New Town Hall, which was built in the late 1800s), is a popular gathering place. The Ohel Jakob Synagogue (opposite) is part of the new Jewish Center.

CHARLES MICHENER *writes about culture and the fine arts. Photographer* **TONI ANZENBERGER***'s favorite traveling companion is his dog Pecorino, who graced* SMITHSONIAN*'s March 2006 issue.*

From an opaque base of Wailing Wall–like stone rises a glass cube enclosed in a protective bronze web—a suspended lantern that expresses the Bible's opening injunction, "Let there be light."

going may be a serious endeavor in Munich, but it's also relaxed—honed by centuries of habit, and part and parcel with the laid-back rhythms of the city.

With a population considerably smaller than that of New York City, London, Paris or Berlin, Munich has long supported not one but three world-class symphony orchestras—the Munich Philharmonic, the Bavarian State Orchestra and the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra. Not even a lack of air conditioning on a warm summer evening could keep a capacity crowd in the stifling Hercules Hall in the Residenz from sitting raptly through a performance of Dvorak and Mahler by the Bavarian Radio Orchestra, conducted by the young English maestro Daniel Harding. As I dabbed my brow, a man next to me smiled and said, "We Germans like to suffer a little bit for our art."

Although the Schwabing district in the northern part of the city enjoyed a certain reputation for artistic ferment at the turn of the last century (Klee and Kandinsky both spent several years there), Munich never attained anything like the stature of Vienna, Paris or Berlin for cultivation of great art. But collecting it is another story, and Munich has concentrated its finest art in one place—an ensemble of galleries whose displays range from the sculpture of ancient Greece and Rome to the latest fancies by contemporary artists. The galleries' holdings are so vast that they are best sampled over three or four days. Nonetheless, it's possible, as I did one extended morning, for the hardy art lover to walk through 2,500 years of art, making a judicious sampling along the way.

Ludwig I's Glyptothek museum, which was built between 1816 and 1830 to showcase the king's interest in Classical antiquity, greets visitors with one of the world's most erotic sculptures—the life-size marble *Barberini Faun*, a sleeping satyr from circa 220 B.C., whose wanton nudity startles even today.

At the Alte Pinakothek, whose facade still shows the scars of the bombing it suffered in World War II, the prize for me among better-known works by Dürer, Breugel, Titian, El Greco and Rubens is *The Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine*, from 1505-08, by the Northern Italian master Lorenzo Lotto. The painting manages to be both creepily otherworldly and sweetly realistic.

The Neue Pinakothek, which houses 18th-, 19th- and early 20th-century art, was so badly damaged during the war that it had to be entirely rebuilt. The building's generous natural light bathes its collection of French Impressionists, British portraitists and German Realists

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and Symbolists in a wonderful glow. On my most recent visit, I was especially taken with the paintings of the German Impressionist Max Liebermann, whose scenes of German life, from beaches to beer halls, show a depth and delicacy that, to my eye, make paintings by his more acclaimed French counterpart, Édouard Manet, look effete.

Munich's Pinakothek der Moderne is one of the world's most impressive museums of modern art. Stark white, severely rectilinear with soaring spaces, the building, designed by the German architect Stephan Braunfels, still felt a bit too modern—cold and clinical—six years after I first visited when it opened in 2002. All the important 20th-century names are here, from Braque to Baldessari, but the most delightful rooms belong to the museum's immense holdings of industrial design—from the 19th-century bentwood chairs of Michael Thonet to Danish-born artist Olafur Eliasson's 2008 hydrogen-powered racing BMW, clad in a skin of ice, which was on loan from the BMW art car collection.

I had to wrap myself in a blanket, provided by one of the guards, to withstand the gallery's chill, but I was so intrigued by this icemobile that later that afternoon I ventured by subway to the BMW Museum in Olympic Park on the outskirts of town. The place was packed, mostly with fathers and sons, who tiptoed along the Erector Set-like catwalks as if they were in a cathedral. It was, indeed, something to see: the company's first product, a 1916 aircraft engine; motorcycles used in World War II; an eye-popping succession of brightly painted roadsters, convertibles, sedans, racing cars and limousines—all further evidence of Münchners' genius for aesthetic display.

Munich's best restaurants, which include an unusually good assortment of Italian ones, rival their counterparts in other popular European cities, but the food closest to the Münchners' collective heart is undoubtedly *Weisswurst*, white veal sausage smeared with sweet mustard and washed down with beer. Any of the products of Munich's famous "big six" breweries—Augustiner, Paulaner, Hofbräu, Löwenbräu, Spaten and Hacker-Pschorr—will do, but traditionalists prefer Weiss (white) beer, made mostly from wheat. They will also tell you that you should consume freshly boiled Weisswurst only at breakfast—or at least not later than noon—in memory of the days when a lack of re-

THE NEWLY RESTORED Cuvilliés-Theater (below) reopened in June 2008. Its 18th-century Rococo interior had been removed before the opera house was destroyed in 1944. The Residenz' Antiquarium (opposite top) was built in 1568-71 to showcase Duke Albert V's antique sculpture collection. Not all the city's attractions are as steeped in history. The Pinakothek der Moderne (opposite) features contemporary art.

Cuvilliés is perhaps the star of Munich's 850th anniversary. My visit coincided with the reopening of the city's most beloved theater—a Rococo opera house that the architect designed in the 1750s.

frigeration spelled afternoon spoilage of meat.

On my last morning in Munich, I joined Wolfgang Stempfl, the dean of Doemens Academy, the city's renowned institute for aspiring beer makers, to sample this classic combination. At his suggestion we met at 10 A.M. in the Weisses Bräuhaus, a 450-year-old establishment in Old Town. The plain wooden tables in the cavernous, heavy-beamed main dining room were filled with connoisseurs of the house specialty.

I couldn't remember the last time I had had beer for breakfast, but that morning's half-liter went down as easily as orange juice. When I lifted the lid off a small pan of two white sausages immersed in a bath of steaming water, the aroma made me swoon. The veal filling was soft as a down pillow, its flavor delicate yet satisfying. A healthy dab of brown mustard jolted me into wanting more. I reached for another bite.

"You like it?" Stempfl asked.

"I could start my day like this every day," I replied.

We talked about his role in educating aspiring brewers about traditional craftsmanship, and about the upcoming Oktoberfest, the annual beer orgy, which fills every hotel room in Munich. Stempfl said he continues to enjoy the event despite its rampant commercialism, but is dismayed that younger Germans are beginning to opt for lighter American-style beer or even fruit-flavored varieties. I asked what he thought was the best Munich beer.

"Augustiner," he said, naming a brew that was first made by Augustine monks in 1328. "It's the oldest Munich beer, and the most distinctive."

"Why?" I asked.

"Nobody knows," said Stempfl. "Maybe it's the water they use from their 750-foot well. Maybe it's something in the unusually complicated brewing process. It's a mystery."

"Would most people in Munich agree with you?" I asked.

"Yes," Stempfl quickly answered.

"So people just know," I said.

"That's right," he said. "In Munich, people just *know*."

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For a time, the growing knot of onlookers notwithstanding, the small room remained eerily quiet, the only sounds coming from "the rapid clicking of the rival instruments, and the restless movements of the few most anxious among the party of men who hovered" around the wood-and-brass contraptions whose worn ivory keys pulsated magically.

At first the "throbbing messages from near and far" arrived in "fragmentary driblets," Nicolay remembered, then in a "rising and swelling stream of cheering news." Each time a telegraph operator transcribed the latest coded messages onto a mustard-colored paper form, the three-by-five-inch sheet was quickly "lifted from the table . . . clutched by some of the most ardent news-seekers, and sometimes, in the hurry and scramble, would be read by almost every person present before it reached him for whom it was intended."

For a while, the telegraph company's resident superintendent, John J. S. Wilson, grandly announced every result aloud. But eventually the telegraph operators began handing Lincoln each successive message, which, with slow-motion care, "he laid on his knee while he adjusted his spectacles, and then read and reread several times with deliberation." Despite the uproar provoked by each, the candidate received every piece of news "with an almost immovable tranquility." It was not that he attempted to conceal "the keen interest he felt in every new development," an onlooker believed, only that his "intelligence moved him to less energetic display of gratification" than his supporters. "It would have been impossible," another witness agreed, "for a bystander to tell that that tall, lean, wiry, good-natured, easy-going gentleman, so anxiously inquiring about the success of the local candidates, was the choice of the people to fill the most important office in the nation."

Lincoln had won Chicago by 2,500 votes, and all of Cook County by 4,000. Handing over the crucial dis-

patch, Lincoln said, "Send it to the boys," and supporters whisked it across the square to the State House. Moments later, cheering could be heard all the way to the telegraph office. The ovation lasted a full 30 seconds. Indiana reported a majority of "over twenty thousand for honest old Abe," followed by similarly good news from Wisconsin and Iowa. Pittsburgh declared: "Returns already recd indicate a maj for Lincoln in the city by Ten Thousand[.]" From the City of Brotherly Love came news that "Philadelphia will give you maj about 5 & plurality of 15" thousand. Connecticut reported a "10,000 Rep. Maj."

Even negative news from Southern states like Virginia, Delaware and Maryland left the nominee "very much pleased" because the numbers from these solidly Democratic strongholds might have been far worse. Notwithstanding this growing arsenal of good news, the group remained nervously impatient for returns from the swing state of New York, whose mother lode of 35 electoral votes might determine whether the election would be decided this very night or later in the uncertain House of Representatives. Then came a momentous report from the Empire State and its impulsive Republican chairman, Simeon Draper: "The city of New York will more than meet your expectations." Between the lines, the wire signaled that the overwhelmingly Democratic metropolis had failed to produce the majorities Douglas needed to offset the Republican tide upstate.

Amid the euphoria that greeted this news, Lincoln remained the "coolest man in that company." When the report of a probable 50,000-vote victory quickly followed from Massachusetts, Lincoln merely commented in mock triumph that it was "a clear case of the Dutch taking Holland." Meanwhile, with only a few intimates able to fit inside the modest telegraph office, crowds built in the square outside, where, the *New York Tribune* reported, rumors "of the most gigantic and imposing dimensions" began wildly circu-

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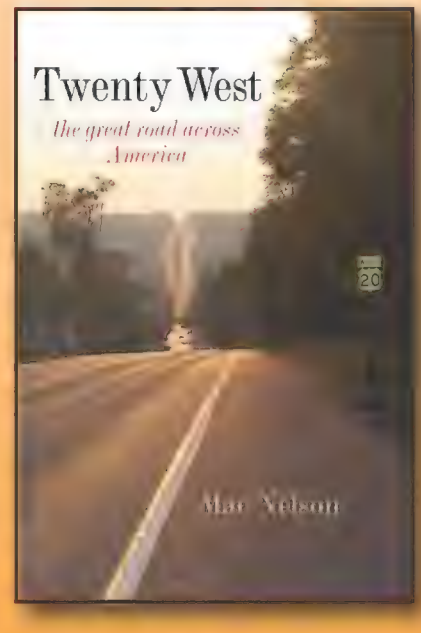

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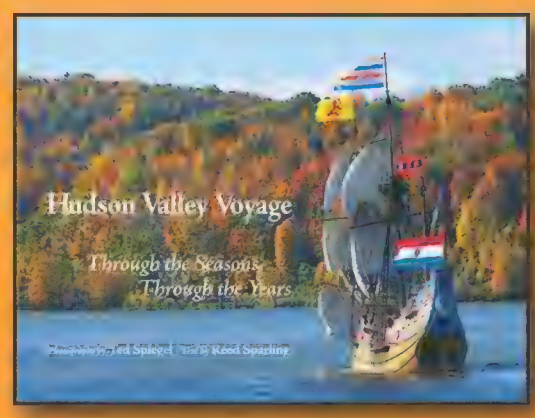

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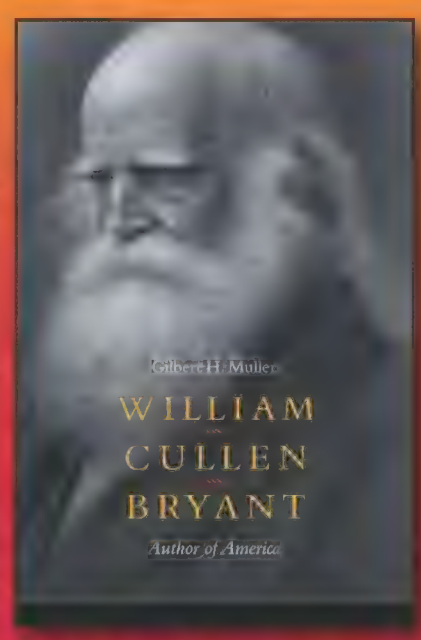

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lating: Southerners in Washington had set fire to the capital. Jeff Davis had proclaimed rebellion in Mississippi and Stephen Douglas had been seized as a hostage in Alabama. Blood was running in the streets of New York. Anyone emerging from the telegraph station to deny these and kindred rumors was set down as having his own reasons for concealing the dreadful truth.

Shortly after midnight, Lincoln and his party walked to the nearby "ice cream saloon" operated by William W. Watson & Son on the opposite side of Capitol Square. Here a contingent of Republican ladies had set up "a table spread with coffee, sandwiches, cake, oysters and other refreshments for their husbands and friends." At Watson's, the *Missouri Democrat* reported, Lincoln "came as near to being killed by kindness as a man can conveniently be without serious results."

Mary Lincoln attended the collation, too, as "an honored guest." For a time, she sat near her husband in what was described as "a snug Republican seat in the corner," surrounded by friends and "enjoying her share of the triumph." A fervent political partisan in her own right who had viewed the October state results in both Indiana and Pennsylvania as extremely hopeful signs, Mary had become more anxious than her husband in the final days of the campaign. "I scarcely know, how I would bear up, under defeat," she had confided to her friend Hannah Shearer.

"Instead of toasts and sentiment," eyewitness Newton Bateman remembered, "we had the reading of telegrams from every quarter of the country." Each time the designated reader mounted a chair to announce the latest results, the numbers—depending on which candidate it favored—elicited either "anxious glances" or "shouts that made the very building shake." According to Bateman, the candidate himself read one newly arrived telegram from Philadelphia. "All eyes were fixed upon his tall form and slightly trembling lips, as he read in a clear and distinct voice: 'The city and state for Lincoln by a decisive majority,' and immediately added

In the State House, "men pushed each other—threw up their hats—hurrahed—cheered for Lincoln."

in slow, emphatic terms, and with a significant gesture of the forefinger: 'I think that settles it.' "

If the matter remained in doubt, the long-awaited dispatch from New York soon arrived with a tally that all but confirmed that Lincoln would indeed win the biggest electoral prize of the evening—and with it, the presidency. The celebrants instantly crowded around him, "overwhelming him with congratulations." Describing the reaction—in which "men fell into each other's arms shouting and crying, yelling like mad, jumping up and down"—one of the celebrants compared the experience to "bedlam let loose." Hats flew into the air, "men danced who had never danced before," and "huzzahs rolled out upon the night."

In the State House, "men pushed each other—threw up their hats—hurrahed—cheered for Lincoln . . . cheered for New York—cheered for everybody—and some actually laid down on the carpeted floor and rolled over and over." One eyewitness reported a "perfectly wild" scene, with Republicans "singing, yelling! Shouting!! The boys (not children) dancing. Old men, young, middle aged, clergymen, and all . . . wild with excitement and glory."

As church bells began pealing, Lincoln eased past the dense throng of Watson's well-wishers, "slipped out quietly looking grave and anxious," and headed back toward the telegraph office to receive the final reports.

He appeared to steel himself. One observer saw him pacing up and down the sidewalk before re-entering the Illinois & Mississippi building. Another glimpsed his silhouette, his head bowed to stare at the latest dispatch while "standing under the gas jets" that lit the streets. Back inside, wires from Buffalo sealed the state—and the White House—for the Republicans. The final telegram from New York ended with the words: "We tender you our congratulations upon this magnificent victory."

Though the crowd inside the telegraph office greeted this climactic news with lusty cheering, Lincoln merely stood to read the pivotal telegram "with evident marks of pleasure," then silently sank back into his seat. Jesse K. Dubois tried to break the tension by asking his old friend: "Well, Uncle Abe, are you satisfied now?" All Lincoln allowed himself to say was: "Well, the agony is most over, and you will soon be able to go to bed."

But the revelers had no intention of retiring for the night. Instead they emptied into the streets and massed outside the telegraph office, shouting "New York 50,000 majority for Lincoln—whoop, whoop hurrah!" The entire city "went off like one immense cannon report, with shouting from houses, shouting from stores, shouting from house tops, and shouting everywhere." Others reacted more solemnly. One of the final telegrams Lincoln received that night came from an anonymous admirer who signed himself only as "one of those who am glad today." It read: "God has honored you this day, in the sight of all the people. Will you honor Him in the White House?"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WON ELEC- tion as the 16th president of the United States by carrying every Northern state save New Jersey. No candidate had ever before taken the presidency with such an exclusively regional vote. In the end, Lincoln would amass 180 electoral votes in all—comfortably more than the 152 required for an absolute majority. Lincoln could also take comfort

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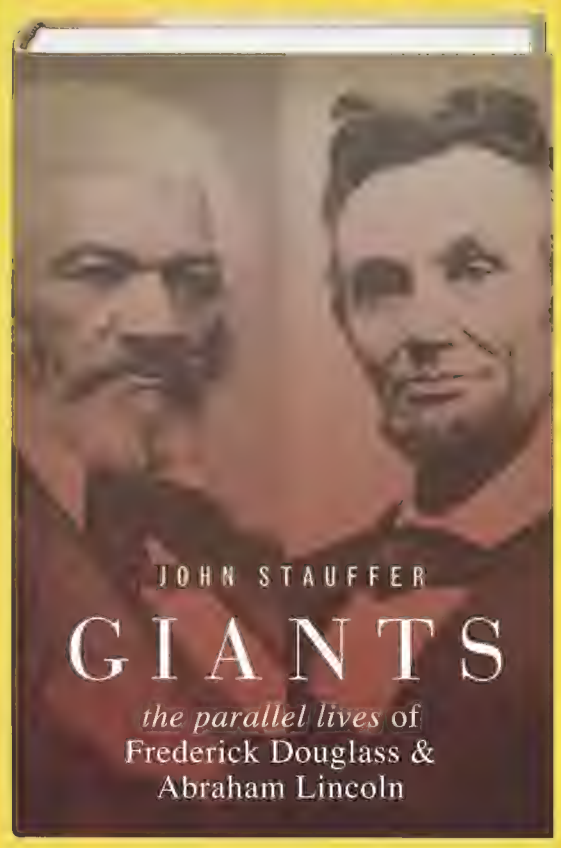

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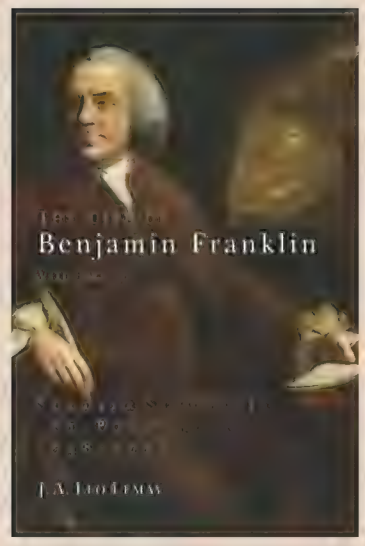

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from the fact that the rapidly growing nation awarded him more popular votes than any man who had ever run for president—1,866,452 in all, 28,000 more votes than Democrat James Buchanan had earned in winning the presidency four years earlier. But Lincoln's votes amounted to a shade under 40 percent of the total cast, second only to John Quincy Adams as the smallest share ever collected by a victor. And the national tally alone did not tell the full story.

Testifying alarmingly to the deep rift cleaving North from South, and presaging the challenges soon to face his administration, was the anemic support Lincoln garnered in the few Southern states where his name was allowed to appear on the ballot. In Virginia, Lincoln received just 1,929 votes out of 167,223 cast—barely 1 percent. The result was even worse in his native Kentucky: 1,364 out of 146,216 votes cast.

Analyzed geographically, the total result gave Lincoln a decisive 54 percent in the North and West, but only 2 percent in the South—the most lopsided vote in American history. Moreover, most of the 26,000 votes Lincoln earned in all five slaveholding states where he was allowed to compete came from a single state—Missouri, whose biggest city, St. Louis, included many German-born Republicans.

Forced to "the lamentable conclusion that Abraham Lincoln has been elected President," the anti-Republican *Washington Constitution* forecast "gloom and storm and much to chill the heart of every patriot in the land. . . . We can understand the effect that will be produced in every Southern mind when he reads the news this morning—that he is now called on to decide for himself, his children, and his children's children whether he will submit tamely to the rule of one elected on account of his hostility to him and his, or whether he will make a struggle to defend his rights, his inheritance, and his honor."

ACCORDING TO A VISITING JOUR-nalist, Springfield remained "alive and

animated throughout the night." Rallies continued until dawn, growing so "uncontrollable" by 4 a.m. that revelers toted back the cannon with which they had inaugurated Election Day and now made it again "thunder rejoicings for the crowd." John Nicolay tried going to bed at 4:30 but "couldn't sleep for the shouting and firing guns." By most accounts, the celebrations ended only with daybreak.

No one is entirely sure when Lincoln himself finally retired. According to one eyewitness, he left the telegraph office for his house at 1:30 a.m.; according to another, shortly after 2. Not until 4:45 a.m. did the *New York Tribune* receive a final bulletin from its Springfield correspondent confirming that "Mr. Lincoln has just bid good-night to the telegraph office and gone home."

Moments before his departure, whenever it came, Lincoln at last received the final returns from his hometown—a matter about which he admitted he "did not feel quite easy," national victory notwithstanding. But Lincoln could take heart. Though he lost Sangamon County to Douglas by a whisker—3,556 to 3,598—he won the hotly contested city of Springfield by all of 22 votes. At this latest news, "for the first and only time" that night, Lincoln "departed from his composure, and manifested his pleasure by a sudden exuberant utterance—neither a cheer nor a crow, but something partaking of the nature of each"—after which he "contentedly" laughed out loud.

The president-elect thanked the telegraph operators for their hard work and hospitality, and stuffed the final dispatch from New York into his pocket as a souvenir. It was about time, he announced to one and all, that he "went home and told the news to a tired woman who was sitting up for him."

To several observers, Lincoln suddenly seemed graver—his thoughts far away. Nicolay could see the "pleasure and pride at the completeness of his success" melt into melancholy. The "momentary glow" of triumph yielded to "the appalling shadow of his mighty

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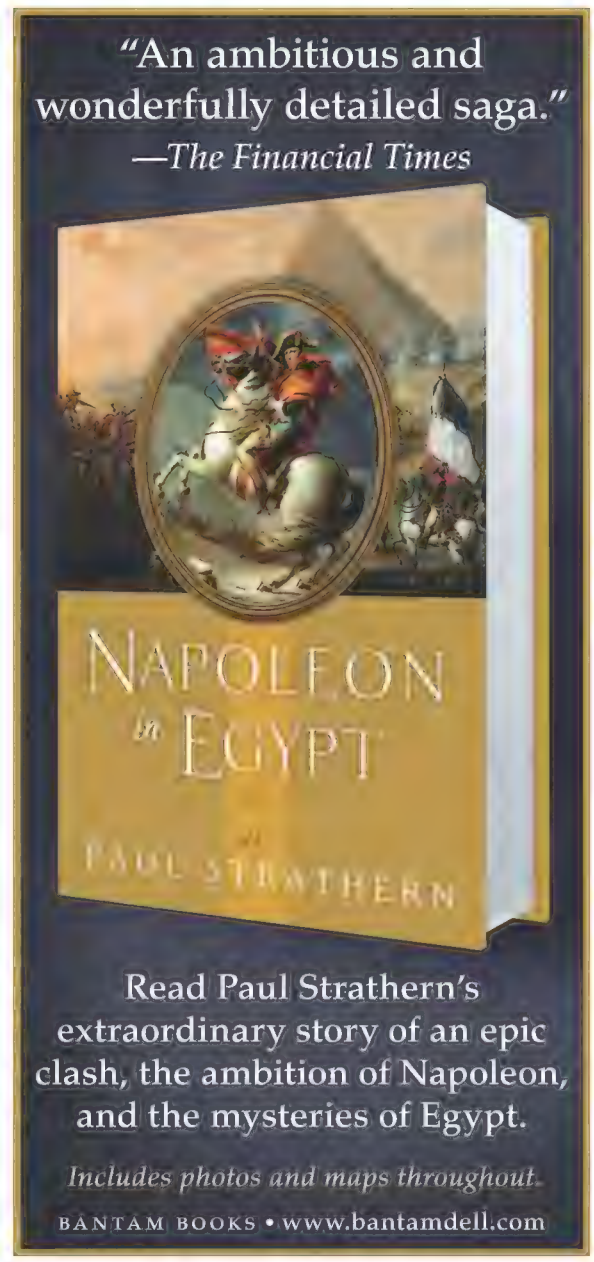
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Then, as Lincoln recounted: "I spoke again, a little louder, saying 'Mary, Mary! *we are elected!*' "

task and responsibility. It seemed as if he suddenly bore the whole world upon his shoulders, and could not shake it off." Even as the outer man continued absentmindedly studying final election returns, the "inner man took up the crushing burden of his country's troubles, and traced out the laborious path of future duties." Only later did Lincoln tell Gideon Welles of Connecticut that from the moment he allowed himself to believe he had won the election, he indeed felt "oppressed with the overwhelming responsibility that was upon him."

From "boyhood up," Lincoln had confided to his old friend Ward Hill Lamon, "my ambition was to be President." Now reality clouded the fulfillment of that lifelong dream. Amid "10,000 crazy people" outside, the president-elect of the United States slowly descended the stairs of the Illinois & Mississippi telegraphic office and disappeared down the street, "without a sign of anything unusual."

A contemporary later heard that Lincoln arrived home to find his wife not waiting up for him, but fast asleep. He "gently touched her shoulder" and whispered her name, to which "she made no answer." Then, as Lincoln recounted: "I spoke again, a little louder, saying 'Mary, Mary! *we are elected!*' " Minutes before, the final words his friends heard him utter that night were: "God help me, God help me."

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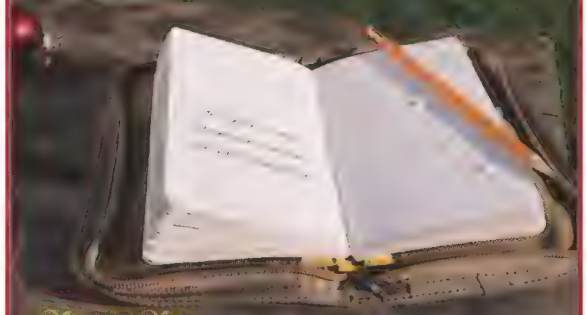

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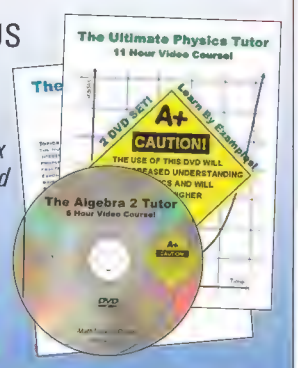

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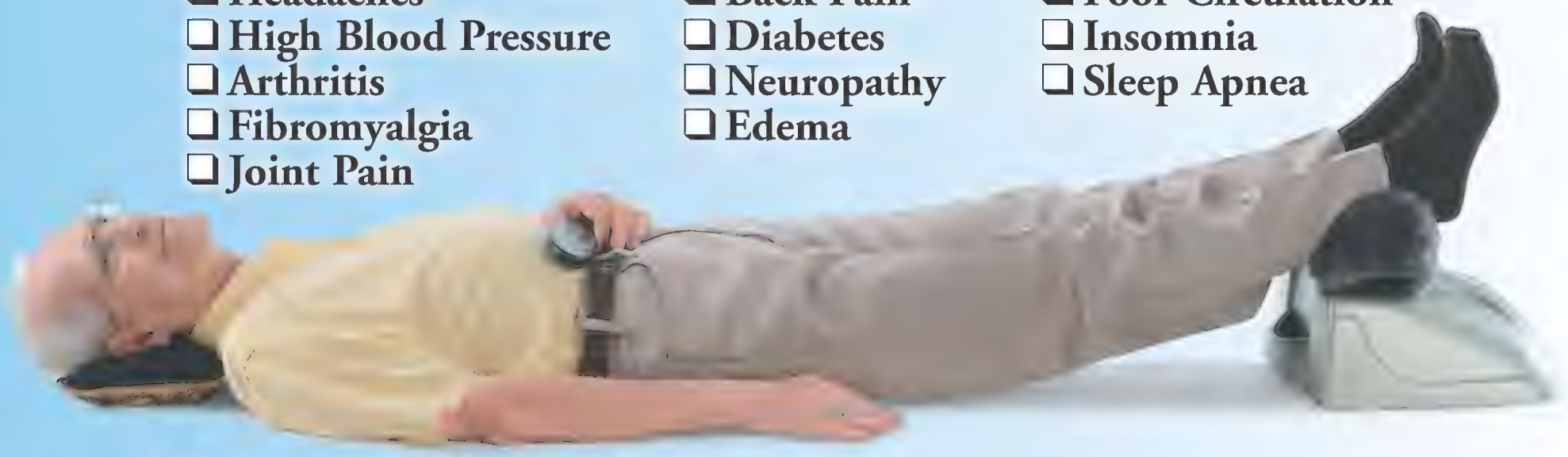

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After using the Exerciser 2000 Elite™ twice a day for one week the swelling in my ankles went away. It has also helped my breathing, as I can get out and walk without having to stop and catch my breath! Thank you. *—Shirley H., Florida*

After having a stroke, I could no longer exercise the way I used to. As a result, I developed edema. A friend of mine introduced me to the Exerciser 2000 Elite™. I loved it and I purchased one for myself. After using the machine daily for a few weeks, my symptoms of edema were completely gone. I now use the machine twice a day for 16 minutes each time on speed 3. What a wonderful way to exercise.*—Robert M.*

I am in my late 80's and have diabetes. The first thing I noticed when I started using my machine was that my feet were warm when I went to bed. They were always ice cold before. Because one of my problems is poor circulation, I use the machine three times a day for 10 minutes each; in the morning, late afternoon and just before bed. I almost forgot to mention that I have not been able to lift my arms above my head. Now I can do it. You think that's no big deal until you can't do it anymore. *—Ralph K.*

As a Chiropractor, I would like to say that the Exerciser 2000 Elite™ enables people to benefit themselves at home. It is a valuable asset in moving lymph fluid, oxygenating the blood, increasing immune system function, maintaining mobility in the spine, and additionally freeing up a spine that has become stiff and arthritic. *—Garry Gorsuch, D.C.*

I love using the Exerciser 2000 Elite™ after my morning workout. It is an excellent way to cool down and it helps to start my day off right.*—Deanna C., Kansas*

My husband and I have been into natural products all of our lives but nothing has ever affected us like the Exerciser 2000 Elite™. My husband is 72 and delivers flowers. He carries 5 gallon buckets of water. Since using the machine, his back hasn't hurt him at all. My hips would hurt if I stood too long and I would get weak and have to sit down. Now I can walk and sit as long as I want. I don't take pain medication anymore. In the morning, when I get out of bed I'm not stiff anymore. At 65, wow, this is great! Thank you for offering such a great machine. We are going to tell everyone we know about it. *—Cheryl J.*

The ad I saw almost sounded "too good to be true". With your no risk money back guarantee I figured I had nothing to lose so I purchased the machine…and boy, am I glad I did! I am 75 years old and suffer from sciatica, which makes my back and legs tighten up and causes numbness. After using the machine for only 4 minutes, I noticed my lower back loosening up. Since I have been using the machine I have been almost pain free. My sciatica is not giving me problems anymore and my body stays loosened up. I have also had a snoring problem for quite some time, however, since using the machine my snoring has subsided. My wife is so excited! I cannot tell you how much this machine has turned my life around. *—C. Cummings*

I have had constipation problems for over 25 years. Since I have been using the Exerciser 2000 Elite™ I have been regular every day and have begun to lose weight. This is truly a blessing and is so easy to use. *—Jeannie*

I had suffered with sleep apnea for many years. I was told I would have to use a breathing apparatus. In the meantime, I was introduced to the Exerciser 2000 Elite™ and decided to purchase one. Within two weeks, I was sleeping more deeply and restfully than ever before. *—David B.*

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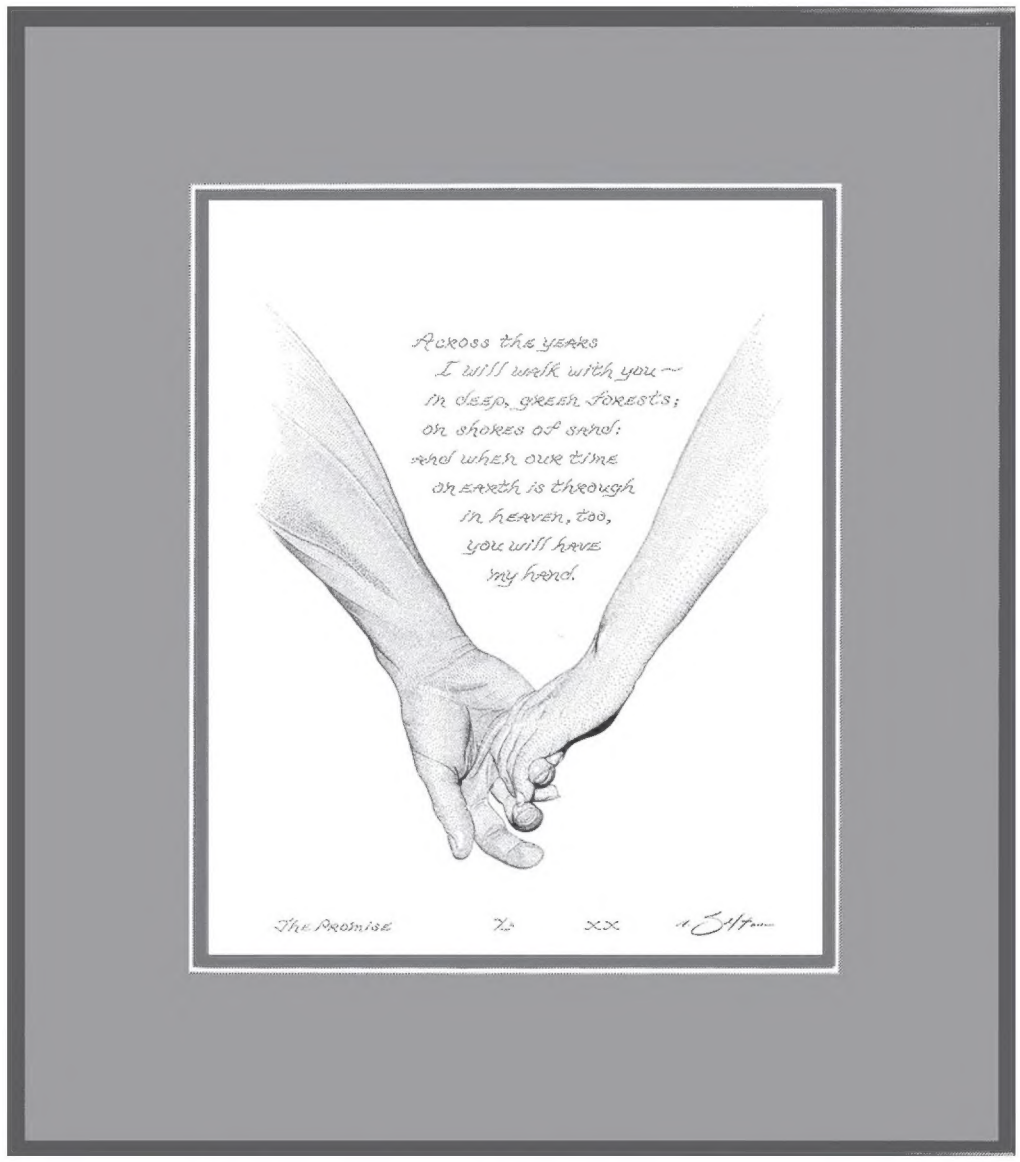

The poem reads: *"Across the years I will walk with you -*
in deep green forests; on shores of sand:
and when our time on earth is through,
in heaven, too, you will have my hand."

Dear Reader,

The drawing you see above is called "The Promise." It is completely composed of dots of ink. After writing the poem, I worked with a quill pen and placed thousands of these dots, one at a time, to create this gift in honor of my youngest brother and his wife.

Now, I have decided to offer "The Promise" to those who share and value its sentiment. Each litho is numbered and signed by hand and precisely captures the detail of the drawing. As a wedding, anniversary or Christmas gift or simply as a standard for your own home, I believe you will find it most appropriate.

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Has it ever occurred to you that people are born into this life as scientists, using scientific method? Dictionaries define scientific method as the collection of data by observation and experiment. Yes, newborns use scientific method, so who could deny that they start life as scientists?

Richard W. Wetherill
1906-1989

That idea might seem a bit whimsical, but read on. There is a deadly serious message to this essay.

At first, it would seem that newborns are confused and hurt by the birth process, but they start collecting data by observation and experiment as to what they like and what they dislike.

Since newborns' choices are judgments of their observations, their experiments are scientifically invalid, but of course, newborns have no awareness of reality.

For example, they observe that cooing and smiling get favorable attention, whereas crying and protesting often do not. They conclude that they should use cooing and smiling, as that gets them what they like.

So early in life, behavioral patterns of trying to get what is liked and to avoid what is disliked become conscious and unconscious motives, and abruptly put an end to *newborns' careers as scientists*.

As youngsters mature, they encounter laws of nature discovered by others, and they soon learn that ignoring those laws gets results they don't like.

While riding a bicycle or roller skating, for example, they find that turning to the right while leaning left deposits them on the ground. So from a series of such results, they tend to obey natural laws to avoid disagreeable consequences.

That is the deadly serious message being explained here. When people learn of nature's behavioral law identified by the late Richard W. Wetherill, they realize that disagreeable consequences result from not conforming to nature's law of behavior.

Wetherill identified the ***law of absolute right*** in the 1920s from an intuitive grasp of reality and spent his future trying to convince people that disagreeable consequences resulted from not conforming to the behavioral law as they were conforming to nature's laws of physics: gravity, friction, electricity, and so on.

Wetherill used words such as rational, logical, honest, and moral to describe the thoughts and actions that define the behavioral law: ***right action gets right results; wrong action gets wrong results***. A few people eagerly received the information and changed their behavioral focus, but millions did not. Instead they chose to act on their desire for likes and avoidance of dislikes.

With what result? Those people suffer from ailments of unknown causes, sour relationships, depression, bad habits, and other personal and collective difficulties too numerous to list.

What a bleak picture! ***But a picture that now can be dramatically changed.***

A fulfilling future develops for persons who conform to the behavioral law by collecting data through observation and experiment as they forthrightly espouse the principles of the ***natural law of absolute right***. Among those principles is the formula for peace: ***never give, invite, or take offense***.

Laws of nature offer safety and perfect results, but not conforming to them has a destructive downside, showing that it is natural laws that unerringly control what happens. Conforming to the law of absolute right assures compliance with creation's master plan. We now have the opportunity to replace the behavioral force of human control with the force of creational control wielded by the natural laws of whoever or whatever is the creator.

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Text by E. Marie Bothe, President of The Alpha Publishing House.

Just Follow the Signs

Politicians made more sense when they relied on oracles and omens **BY JOE QUEENAN**

MANY OF US BELIEVE that the world has been going straight downhill since the fall of the Roman Empire. Rome, founded in 753 B.C., survived as a kingdom, a republic or an empire until about A.D. 476. Any society that can survive 1,229 years must be doing something right.

One reason Rome flourished as long as it did was that public policy was determined by signs and portents. Nobody ever did anything in ancient Rome without first reporting that he had seen two eagles dueling over a dead goat, or a hailstorm miraculously erupting from the Praetorian Guards' favorite fig bowl. These omens were used to justify everything: invading Thrace, deposing a rival, raising taxes, even divorcing your spouse so you could marry someone younger or richer from Egypt.

By and large, the Roman people did not object to the capricious actions of its leaders, as long as they were accompanied by at least one sign or portent. But it had to be a good sign or portent, not one of those "a little birdie told me" type things.

Thus, when Augustus announced that he was taking over Rome in 43 B.C., the public was initially taken aback:

"You can't just waltz in and seize power like that. What do you take us for, clowns?"

Augustus: "Oh, I forgot to tell you. Twelve vultures appeared around lunchtime last Thursday, and, as everyone knows, a surprise visit by more than five vultures signifies that it's OK for me to topple the republic, confiscate everyone's money and exile everyone I don't like."

Relieved public: "Fine. But next time, could you try telling us about the signs and portents first? I mean, really."

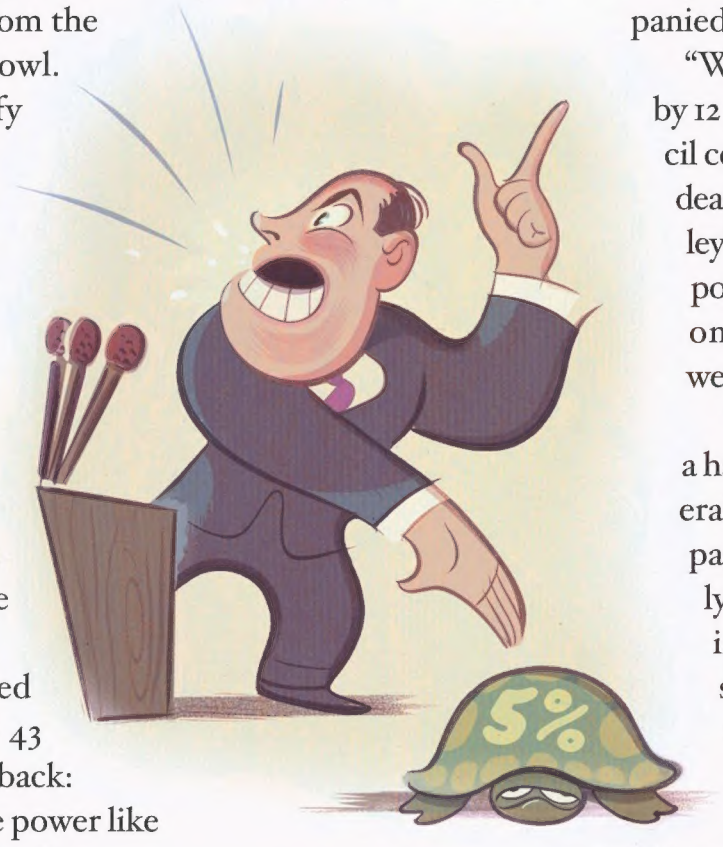
Signs and portents continued to play a role in societies throughout the Middle Ages and did not go out of fashion until the time of Scotland's Robert the Bruce, who was encouraged by a spider to declare himself king and throw out the English. (The spider may have been French.)

The disappearance of such omens has been a great loss to all of us, as they make it much easier for people to deal with sudden shifts in policy, surprise firings or bad news about the economy.

Nowadays, politicians hold a press conference and announce they have to raise taxes to meet unanticipated, but wholly necessary, expenditures. Nobody really believes any of this; taxes get raised because politicians like to raise taxes. How much easier it would be to accept these dire pronouncements if they were accompanied by signs and portents.

"We're going to raise your school taxes by 12 percent," the head of the city council could announce. "Last week, I saw 12 dead catfish in the fountain outside Bailey's Drugstore. Obviously, each catfish portends a 1 percent tax increase. Look on the bright side: at least there weren't 25 of them."

"I'm raising the prime interest rate a half point," the chairman of the Federal Reserve might proclaim. "This is partially to battle inflation, but mostly because I saw two flaming comets in the sky and each of them represented a quarter-point increase in the prime."



How likely is it that signs and portents will ever be adopted by the American people? More likely than you think. Just last week, my best friend said that a cluster of mighty birds of prey hovering over his backyard was a sure sign the Philadelphia Eagles would win the Super Bowl this season.

I disagree. I think the hovering birds signify a tax hike. Much as I would like to believe that signs and portents say otherwise, you have to be realistic about this stuff.

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